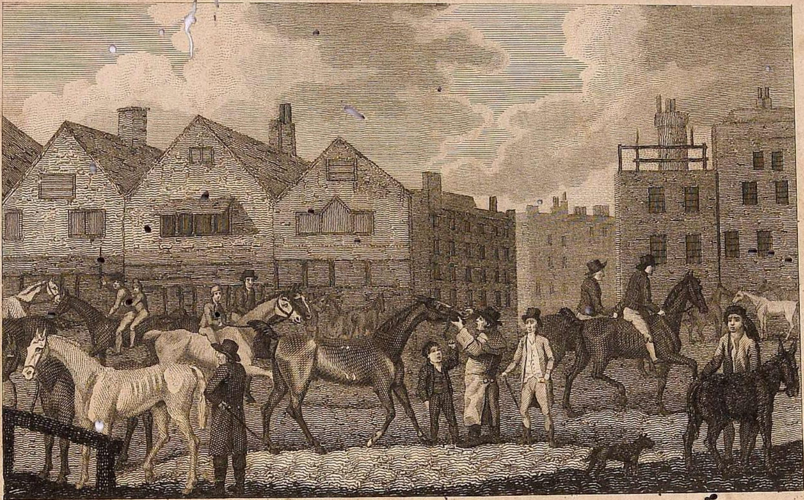
Frontispiece to Vol. 20.



Pye St.

Smithfield Market.

Pub. Oct. 1.1802, by J Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE

Sporting Magazine;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

of the

TRANSACTIONS OF

THE TURF THE CHACE

And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure, Enterprize & Spirit.

VOL. 20.

LONDON.

Printed for the PROPRIETOR and Sold by J. WHEBLE

No. 18, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Pauls.

MDCCCII.

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SPORTING MAGAZINE;

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And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

For APRIL, 1802.

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[Embellished with a beautiful Engraving, from the Design of Mr. TOMSON, by Mr. SCOTT, of CINNAMON, late NO SPICE; and an Etching of DEAD GAME, by Mr. HOWITT.]

LONDON.

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

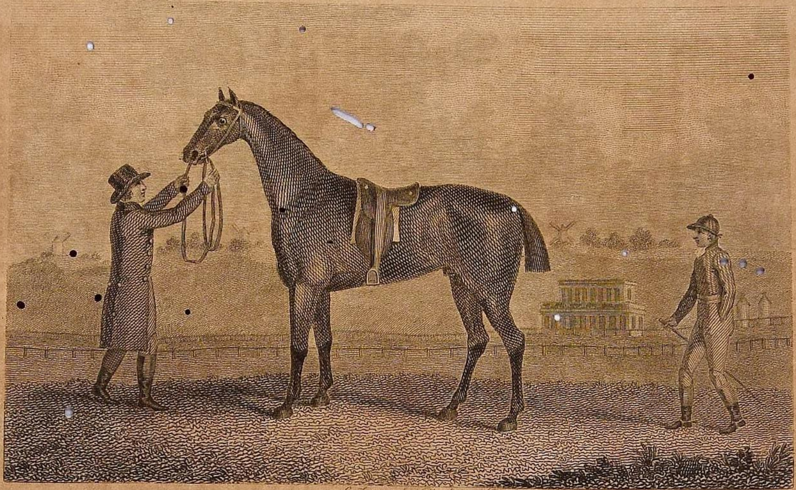
And Sold by J. WHEBLE, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall-Mall, opposite St. James's Palace; J. BOOTH, Duke Street, Portland Place; JOHN HILTON, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

W. Justins, Printer, Warwick-square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Want of room, and a press of temporary matter, renders it necessary to apologise to several of our Correspondents this month, for the omission of their Favours.

DEATH OF WILLIAM CRANE, THE HUNTSMAN.—A few days since died suddenly, in the 81st year of his age, William Crane, of Rivenhall, Essex, many years Huntsman to Colonel Bullock.——P. S. This celebrated Huntsman, honest Will Crane, is mentioned in our last Magazine, page 306.—We expect to be favoured with a Portrait of him, and, if obtained, an Engraving from it shall be given in some future Number.



C. Tomson of Nottingham del.

Cinnamon late No Spice.

Pub. May 1. 1802, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR APRIL, 1802.

CINNAMON, LATE NO SPICE.

[An Engraving from the Drawing of Mr. Clifton Tomson, of Nottingham.]

THIS Horse, the property of the Honourable Lumley Saville, was got by Coriander. He won the King's Plate, of One Hundred Guineas, at Nottingham, on the 11th of August, 1801; next day he was second to Sir Solomon, for the Gold Cup, at the same races.

Hyale, of which filley we have already given a portrait, broke down when running with the above for the Cup. Sir Solomon, the winner, Cinnamon, and Hyale, the best three of the field.

THE SPORTSMAN.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IT can by no means be unknown to you, whose peculiar province it is, that the appellation of "SPORTSMAN" has, for time immemorial, been considered characteristic of strict honour, true courage, unbounded hospitality, and unsullied integrity; but in the present age we are so overrun with the prevalence of fashion, and what may be truly termed an assumption of character, that those only who analyse human nature by its most unerring criterion, can distinguish between the genuine old English stock and its spurious or illegitimate offspring. Formerly, the character of the Sportsman, like the Constitution, by which his person and his pleasures were protected, was equally unsullied, equally understood, and equally respected; but the caprice of fashion, and the ravages of time, have evidently been as productive of mutilation to one, as of depredation upon the others.

The Constitution of this Country, it cannot be denied, has, within half a century, undergone a variety of *trimming* from the different *pruning* knives of successive administrations, as may best have suited the prospects, gratified the pride, indulged the pique, or supplied the wants of those personally concerned in so hazardous a speculation. Great and unexpected, however, as those changes have

been,

been, they have not, in the eye of the experienced observer, contributed more to the face of novelty, or constituted a greater contrast, than has been produced by whim, fashion, caprice, and luxury, between the sportsman of a former period, and of the present day. It is but a few years since, the appellation was truly idiomatic, and generally known to imply a man of the most open-hearted liberality; what kind of character it is now meant to convey an adequate idea of, it is certainly difficult to ascertain; the original having been, by various crosses, and different degrees of contamination, almost obscured in the collateral ramifications of consanguinity. We have now (though the first are but very thinly scattered) the old and only true-bred rustic sportsman; the affected ditto; the effeminate ditto; the polished ditto; the brutal ditto; the City ditto; and, "though last not least," the sportswoman, and the sporting lady; of all which, with your permission, I shall, through the channel of your entertaining miscellany, present your readers with a progressive, chaste, candid, and unembellished description.

The sportsman, upon whose qualifications I mean first to expatiate, is the character superior to all the powers of declamation; he is the very man upon whom "nature has lavished her choicest gifts," without standing in need of the least interposition from art. Born heir to the possession of his father's moderate property, he not only early discovered its utility, but rated its value too highly in estimation, to let it become the instrument of either mental or bodily prostitution. Generated in the prime and high health of his predecessors, his manly form and open countenance display no distinguishing trait of a fashionable and distorted imbecility, but evidently presents the unblushing aspect of a constitutional stamen, uncorrupted by the mercurial particles of a more refined education. Content with the common advantages of a plain classical education, it was not thought necessary by his prudent, but unfashionable parents, that he should pass the fiery ordeal of either University, where it was (from daily observation) to be feared, he might imbibe notions of dishonour, more than adequate to the degrees of dignity to be acquired at seminaries of so much celebrity.

Without further prelude, the Sportsman, whose distinguishing traits are held out as worthy of imitation, is the true old English Country Esquire, who, uncontaminated by the curse of insatiate ambition, is only happy himself in the happiness of his domestic dependents; the corresponding smiles of his tenants, who surround his mansion, and the hospitable association with his numerous neighbouring friends. His hounds are kept from an instinctive attachment to the sport itself, as well as to continue the respectable and enlivening establishment of his ancestors, and not from the least desire of having his name blazoned forth in every part of the county, for keeping what he has neither property to support, or spirit to enjoy.

Personally frugal, (amidst the most unsullied hospitality) his mind is never disquieted by the pecuniary solicitations of people in trade; who are invariably prevented, by his strict punctuality, from becoming a single application in arrear. The guardian of his own honour, he never suffers it to become degraded by the unprincipled pride of a subordinate, under the

appellation of Steward; or to be prostituted by the unqualified denial of a menial servant, bedaubed with lace, under the denomination of footman. Innately philanthropic, he is truly easy of access, and never countenances false consequence in one department, or impertinence in another; by a persevering adherence to which system, his rustic mansion is a scene of universal tranquillity, not a tradesman, but esteems him as a benefactor; not a servant, but looks up to him as his best friend. The pleasures of the field he extensively and judiciously engages in with all the fervency of a well-informed and experienced sportsman, but by no means with all the unqualified enthusiasm, and fashionable indiscretion of a determined devotee; capable of distinguishing between the use and the abuse of what is evidently and benignantly placed before him, as an excitement to exhilerating action, and indispensibly necessary to the promotion of health, he enters into all its spirit, avails himself of all its import, not more as a personal gratification (in respect to sport) than as a mental perusal of one of nature's many volumes, displaying to the ruminative and expansive comprehension, the applicable and coinciding speed and strength of the horse; the instinctive impulse, invincible ardour, and corresponding perseverance of the hound; the various shifts and evasions of the game; and, lastly, the firm and manly fortitude of those who join and surround him in the chase; for it cannot but be known, and will be freely admitted, that so congenial are the feelings, and so sympathetic the liberality of sportsmen in general, that few friendships are better founded, none more disinterested, few more permanent, none more sincere.

Having given you the outlines of what I conceive to be the most prominent features of a Sportsman in the old-fashioned sense of the word, if they should lay claim to your approbation, you may expect an unexaggerated delineation of the remaining *pseudo* characters in your future Numbers, from the leisure hours of your constant reader,

April 15, 1802. T. W.

Newmarket.

Abstract of the Sport this month, at Newmarket.—Particulars will appear in our next, when the Racing Calendar for the season will commence.

AT the Craven Meeting, Newmarket, Monday, April 19, the Craven Stakes, a Subscription of 10gs each, across the Flat, was won by Sir H. T. Vane's Cockfighter, beating Mr. Moorhouse's Lucan, and six others.—Lord Sackville's Tag, beat Sir H. T. Vane's Rolla, across the Flat, 1000gs.—Mr. F. Neale's Hippona, beat Mr. Whaley's Bonaparte, 100gs.—Mr. Dawson's Quiz, beat Mr. Payne's c. by Toby, across the Flat, 100gs.

Tuesday, the First Class of the Oatland Stakes of 50gs each, was won by Mr. Lord's Lignum Vitæ, beating Mr. Whaley's Wilkes, and another.—Sweepstakes of 100gs each, for colts and fillies then rising 3 yrs old, was won by the D. of Grafton's b. c. by Pot8o's, beating Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. Julia, and another.—Sweepstakes of 100gs each, was won by Mr. Sitwell's br. c. Pippeline, beating Sir H. Williamson's c. by Sir Peter.—Mr. Payne's Buzzard, beat Mr. Dawson's December, 100gs h. ft.

Wednesday, the Second Class of Oatland Stakes, of 50gs, was won by Lord Sackville's Dick Andrews, beating Mr. Smith's Slap-bang,

bang, and six others.—A Subscription Plate of 50*l.* was won by the D. of Grafton's Flambeau, beating Mr. Lord's ch. c. Babylon, and eight others. 5 to 1 against Flambeau.

Thursday, Sweepstakes of 100gs each, was won by Lord Sackville's Warter, beating Sir H. Tempest Vane's Cockfighter, and Mr. F. Neale's Hippona.—7 to 4 agst Warter—5 to 4 agst Cockfighter.

Subscription Plate of 50*l.* (the winner to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c.) was won by Mr. Watson's ch. h. Canterbury, beating Mr Panton's b. c. French-horn, and three others.—6 to 5 agst Canterbury—5 to 2 agst French-horn —— Mr. Whaley's Tuneful, beat Mr. Heming's brother to Sir Sidney, 50gs.—D. of St. Alban's Mittimus, beat Sir H. T. Vane's Bagman, 50gs.

The races at Newmarket were this season very numerously attended. The only absentees of note were the Duke of Queensberry and Lord Clermont.—Mr Heathcote met with a most serious accident during the race between Tag and Rolla; numbers riding to be up at the winning post on the horses coming in, a countryman and his horse fell; Mr. Heathcote was close behind; his horse fell over the other, and broke its neck, Mr. Heathcote was thrown, and taken up apparently lifeless, as several fell over him; though severely crushed, we are happy to hear that he is in a state of recovery.

Sporting Subjects, by Mr. Marshall.

THE Sporting Pencil of Marshall is making rapid strides to pre-eminence. The favourite Roan of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the excellent Portrait of Tom Oldaker (mounted upon the Hon. Mr. Lamb's mare) with the leading couple of the Berkeley fox-hounds; and Mr. Mellish, upon a favourite hunter, getting forward with three couple of the fleetest hounds of the Enfield pack, are among the recent productions of this ingenious artist. Few of them, we fear, will grace the Royal Academy this season, Mr. M. like many others, not having the best confidence in the *hanging* committee.

A Sussex Fox Chase.

A Bag-fox was turned out, on the Downs, near Bair Lake, on Wednesday, the 2d instant, before the Buckingham hounds, belonging to H. Bridger, Esq. The morning was extremely clear and fine, and Reynard went off in a capital stile, crossing White-Lot Bottom, and then away towards Beden Chalk Pits, where the deep-toned pack being hard at his brush, he boldly took to the river, the hounds pursuing him through the water. The horsemen, who were numerous and respectable, now divided, and crossed the Ader, by the bridges of Old Shoreham and Beden. The fox, by this time pressed hard by the hounds, had reached Applesom, and was turning off for the furze field, which he soon after crossed, making frequent attempts to earth; but the holes having been previously stopped, his attempts were fruitless. Baffled in his designs, he seemed to acquire fresh vigour, and made briskly for Lion's Bank; but, being headed by a shepherd, he turned off, and inclined towards Chankbury Ring, and from thence to Steyning Holt, where, being again headed, he pushed for Bramber Castle; but his strength failing, he could not accomplish

accomplish his purpose. The dogs ran into him, after an uncommonly severe chase of three hours, and had nearly devoured him, "life still panting in each churned mouthful," ere H. Bridger, Esq could possess himself of the honour of the brush, who, with Mr. John Attree, were the only persons in at the death.

ANOTHER SUSSEX FOX CHASE.

A Bag Fox was turned out near Mr. Saxby's barn, before the Brookside hounds, on Thursday, the 5th instant, which, for hard running and determined speed, by far exceeded any chase the season has produced. The weather being favourable, upwards of sixty horsemen took the field by eleven o'clock; when the Fox went off in a capital stile, taking a northern direction for better than a mile; then turning to the left, he crossed the hills of Newmarket and Basden, and made away for Rottingdean, where, the hounds being hard at his brush, he, quickening his pace, descended Rottingdean Gap, and turning to the right, ran nearly three miles on the beach. Reaching Greenway Gap, he re-ascended the cliff, and made away for Mr. Kemp's plantation at Ovendean; which finding too bare of cover, and being closely pressed, he took through Mr. Trill's furze field, crossed to Whitehawk-hill, passing the signal-house, and then on for Bevendean bottom, where, being headed by a shepherd's dog, he pushed for Mr. Poole's plantation, at Hodshrove, and from thence to Lord Pelham's, at Stanmer, where he continued until the hounds came up. Having by this respite recovered his fleeting strength, he neatly threaded the cover, and again set off in a gallant stile, passing through the village of Falmer to Crandean Hedges, and then on to Kingston Comb. Many of the horses were by this time knocked up; whilst others, of better bottom, dashed forward, regardless of danger and difficulties. From Kingston Comb, the Fox took the whole length of Kingston-hill, crossed by Kingston, and then made away for Telscomb, where, being headed, he turned to the left for Southease. Most of the remaining horses, that were enabled until this time to keep the field, now divided, and crossed the Ouse by the bridges of Southease and Lewes, not doubting but Reynard would take to the water. In this conjecture, however, they were deceived, for, having crossed the brook to the river side, he kept close to the dams, and at length entered the osier-plot belonging to Mr. Spence, where, being quite exhausted, the hounds ran into, and killed him, after a most gallant chase of nearly four hours. Mr. H. Newnham, of Newtimber, who kept up with the hounds during the whole of the chase, was the only person in at the death, and possessed himself of the well-earned honour of the brush.

KING'S STAG HOUNDS.

SATURDAY, the 3d inst. a stag was turned out, before his Majesty's hounds, on Iver Heath, from whence it bent its course to Ruslip, where, being hard pressed, it made a desperate attack on the horsemen, particularly a Mr. W. of Uxbridge, butting the flanks of his horse, with a ferocity never before witnessed in any of the species, to the terror of the rider, whom

whom it chased for near a mile, affording great amusement to the spectators, who enjoyed, with repeated peals of laughter, Nimrod's distress; while he, giving his able horse the head, never ventured to look behind him, till after the stag had been headed, and turned by the hounds; nor did he perfectly recover his recollection before the chase was ended. The incident being narrated by the sportsmen, on their return home, the dangerous situation and fortunate escape of *My Lord W.* now forms a theme of admiration for all the *fair pratlers* in the vicinity of Uxbridge.

Hertfordshire Fox-hunting.

ABOUT the end of last month, Mr. Calvert's fox-hounds unkennelled a fox in the neighbourhood of Haddam, when, after a burst of two hours, they were close at his brush. Poor Reynard, finding his strength nearly exhausted, took shelter, in a dell or pit, on Kiln farm, where he earthed, when the hounds rushed on with great impetuosity; three couples of the headmost dogs were precipitated into a well forty feet deep, two couples of which were killed on the spot, and the others much bruised. The rest of the pack would have shared the same fate, had it not been for the exertions of the huntsman's assistant, who saved them at the risk of his life.

Shaw's Time-Matca.

ON Tuesday morning, the 20th instant, at five o'clock, Mr. Shaw set off from Barton, on his famous time-match, to ride to London, being one hundred and seventy-two miles, which he was engaged to do in twelve hours. The first horse he rode tired with him at Brigg; a Mr. Young, of that place, immediately supplied him with another, which took him four miles to Redbourne, his first intended stage. His next stages were, Spital, six miles; Lincoln, twelve; Ancaster, eighteen; Coulsworth, fourteen; Stamford, fifteen; Stilton, fourteen; Alconbury Hill, eight; Huntingdon, seven; Arrington, sixteen, Buckland, eleven; Ware, thirteen; Waltham Cross, eight, and London, twelve. He performed the whole of the journey on horseback, having changed horses fourteen times. The original wager was for One Hundred Guineas, and bets to a great amount were depending.—Mr. Shaw arrived at the Vine in Bishopsgate-street, London, at thirty-three minutes after three o'clock, seemingly in good health and spirits, being an hour and twenty-seven minutes within the time.—The first eighty-four miles he rode in four hours, and one hundred and twelve miles in six hours; at one stage, the horse intended for him not being ready, he continued his journey six miles further, making twenty-one miles, which he went two minutes within the hour, and leaped over a dog that lay in his way at Godmanchester, upon a grey mare the property of J. Hall, Esq. Mr. Shaw reached Lincoln on Thursday night, on his return home, to Hull. He was attired in an orange-coloured jacket, with hunter's cap, &c.—The statement of his weight (which some of the papers have rated at fifteen stone and a half) is erroneous, as he cannot possibly weigh more than ten stone.

DEAD GAME.—PLATE 2.

[An Etching by Mr. Hewitt.]

FACING this page is to be placed the Etching by Mr Howitt, of Dead Game, plate 2.

Pedig[illegible]

Howitt in. et f.

Dead Game, Plate 2.

Pub. May 1 1808, by J. Whittle, Warwick Square.

Pedigrees and Performances of Celebrated Horses.

(Continued from page 308. of last Vol.)

REGULUS.

THIS horse, the property of Mr. Martindale, was got by the Godolphin Arabian; his dam was the noted mare, called Grey Robinson, which was got by the Bald Galloway; his grand dam by Old Snake; his great grand dam was the famous mare, called Old Wilks, got by Hautboy, &c. &c.

He ran but one season, in which he won eight Royal Plates, and one of 50gs.

He then became a stallion, and was sire of many capital horses; among which were, Careless, Denmark, Cato, Trajon, Rocket, Adolphus, Apollo, &c. &c.

BOSPHORUS.

THIS famous brown horse, full brother to Cardinal Puff, was got by Old Babraham; his dam by Hampton Court Childers (son of the Devonshire Childers); his grand dam by Old Leeds, out of the Moonah barb mare. Bosphorus, at 3 yrs old, then the property of Lord Chedworth, (who gave 200gs for him) won three 50l. prizes, and the 5 yr old Plate at Newmarket, beating some of the most capital horses of the year. After which, he was sold to Lord Portmore (for 500gs); in whose possession, 1760, he won seven Royal Plates; one of which was at Newmarket, October 2, carrying 12st. beating Belford and Acton.

In 1761, he won a match against Lord Grosvenor's Panglos, for 200gs, and, in the October following, a match against Lord Bolingbroke's Lustre, for 500gs (odds in favour of Lustre).

In 1762, he won 50gs at Guildford, and 50l. at Enfield, beating Bumper and six others; and 50l. at Swaffham, beating Contest, and five others.

In 1763, he won 50l. at Burford, beating Dorrimond, and three others, &c. &c.

After which, he became a stallion, and was sire of Warwickshire Wagg, Young Boss, &c. &c.

SPORTSMAN,

BRED by Mr. Warren, was got by Old Cade, (son of the Godolphin Arabian) out of his famous Silver-tail mare, the dam of Careless, Feather, &c. &c.

He won, 1760, 50l. at Nottingham, beating Darrington, Cade, and three others; and beat Mr. George Juniper, a match at Lichfield. He likewise won the Jockey Club Plate, at Newmarket, beating Bosphorous, and seven others; and the same year he beat Mr. Shafter's Wildair, and Sir James Lowther's Babram, for 60gs each, at Huntingdon, and won several other prizes.

BRILLIANT

WAS bred by Lord Portmore, got by Crab, (a son of the Godolphin Arabian, out of a full sister to Blaze) his dam, by the Godolphin Arabian, was out of Silverlock, a well-bred daughter of the Bald Galloway, &c. &c.

In 1754, July 2, he won the King's Plate, at Ipswich, beating Lord Godolphin's dun colt, Mr. Keck's b. c. Ruby, and Duke Ancaster's g. c. Lizard, 50l. at Huntingdon, and 50gs at New market.

In 1755, he won Two Plates of 50gs at Newmarket, and 50l.; and on the 8th of July, the King's 100gs at Burford, beating Mr. Martindale's Adolphus, and distancing Boreus.

In 1756, April 24, he beat Mr. Panton's gr. h. Pytho, (by Crab) for the 100gs, for 5 yr olds, at Newmarket, 10st. each, &c. &c.

He was afterwards a stallion, and covered several years at 10gs a mare.

SPIDER.

A Ch. horse, was the property of his Grace the Duke of Cumberland. He was got by Cartouch, out of Miss Langley.

At 4 yrs old, 1756, then the property of Lord Portmore, he won a Great Sweepstakes at Huntingdon, and 50l. at Swaffham.

In 1757, then 5 years old, he won the King's 100gs, at Burford, beating Miner, and two others; 50l. at Huntingdon; a Sweepstakes at Bedford, beating Spectator and Myrtle; the King's 100gs at Litchfield, beating Dumplin, Hamilton, and distancing three others; and 50l. at Swaffham.

At 6 yrs old, he received a forfeit of 500gs at Newmarket; and 1758, beat the Duke of Kingston's ch. horse Minor, (by Tartar) aged, over the B. C. for 500gs. He then again became the property of Lord Portmore, and won 50l. at Bedford, &c. &c. &c.

GOLIAH.

HE was foaled in the year 1730; got by Fox, and bred by Mr. Hutchinson.

In 1736, then the property of the Duke of Bolton, (the 18th May) he won his Majesty's Plate of 100gs at Winchester, carrying 12st. each. He also won the Royal Plates at Salisbury, Guildford, York, and Nottingham; and started alone for the King's Plate at Lincoln; and likewise walked over for ditto at Newmarket.

MARC ANTHONY

WAS got by Spectator; his dam (Rachel, the dam of Highflyer, was bred by the Duke of Ancaster) by Blank, his grand dam by Regulus, (which was the dam of Makeless) his great grand dam by Soreheels, &c. &c. This famous horse won twenty-seven times over Newmarket, and received forfeits and compromises to the amount of 2500gs, beating, at different times, Trentham, Firetail, Solon, Mahomet, Chalkstone, Ancastor, Pumpkin, Enterprize, &c. &c.

DENMARK.

HE was bred by Mr. Crofts, of Yorkshire; was got by Regulus, his dam by the Bald Galloway; she was the noted mare, called Grey Robinson; his grand dam by Old Snake, his great grand dam by Hautboy, which was the famous mare, Old Wilks.

In September, 1768, then 4 yrs old, he won 50l. at Richmond, beating Bay Richmond and Kiplin. At 5 yrs old, he won 50l. at Barnet, 50l. at Manchester, 50l. and the Gold Cup of 100gs, at Doncaster; 50l. at Northallerton; and 100gs at Carlisle.

At 6 yrs old, he won 60gs at Newcastle, 100 gs, and the King's Plate, at Edinburgh, and the Gold Cup at Richmond. When aged, he won 60gs at Newcastle upon Tyne, 50l. at Barnet, and beat the famous horses, Amaranthus, Holyhock, Chatsworth, and two

two others, for the Jockey Club Plate at Newmarket.

YOUNG STARLING,

COMMONLY called the Martindale, or Ancaster Starling: he was bred by John Crofts, Esq. got by Old Starling, his dam by Old Partner, out of the grand dam of Lampton's Miss Doe, which was got by Croft's Bay Barb, her dam by Makeless, her grand dam by Brimmer, her great grand dam by a son of Old Dodsworth, out of a Burton Barb Mare, &c. —Starling won Seven Plates of 50l. Two of 50gs. One of 118l. received a premium of 20gs not to start, Six King's Plates, and a Match of 200gs. against Babraham

He was then sold to the Duke of Ancaster for a stallion.

OBSERVATIONS UPON THE MODERN REFINEMENTS OF COMMON PHRASES,

In Town and Country;

With Proposals for a History of Castration, &c.

OUR Correspondent, whom we have formerly called, our Old Friend, observes, that learning, refinement of expression, delicacy, and elegance of phrases, are now become so prevalent, that they frequently may be heard in country towns and villages, from the mouths of the lower orders in society, as well as from the liberally educated in places of politeness and fashionable resort. As a convincing instance of this remark, he says, 'tis now common to hear, Miss Carter, Miss Wheeler, Miss Anvil, Miss Doubletoll, and other fashionable Misses, say, that Mamma, after perambulating the garden, had stept into the Temple of Cloacina, or, as I was paying my diurnal devotions there, &c.

I know not, Messrs. Editors, what may be your sentiments of such refinements, but for my part, I think they can never be sufficiently admired.

Another striking instance to corroborate the progress of delicacy, and elevation of diction in the country, and amongst the common ranks in society, was lately exhibited over a door in a village, not twenty miles from Colchester, passengers being informed by a board, that *Castration*, &c: was performed by ———

How preferable is this advertisement to John Hart, or Stephen Buck, sow-gelders! What a great and truly admirable stride towards an elevated style! We cannot but admire the peculiar modesty and delicacy, that this notice manifests. Then its learning must surely strike every beholder. 'Tis true, Castration is not a six-feet word, but it may very well pass for four. It must be acknowledged, likewise, that the word is neither musical nor poetical, yet it has something of a classical sound, and its asperity renders it very proper for the organs of an English orator. Behold the translucid stream of learning, elegance, refinement, and sublimity, winding its way to the summit of Parnassus!

Ye sow-gelders all, to my lesson incline,
Mark this rare example, and learn to refine;
In phrase that is elegant, words that are big,
Make it known to the world, that ye castrate a pig.

Now, Pindar, bow your head! Homer and Virgil, fall ye prostrate, for an age of learning is fast approaching,

approaching, that shall rival any age of Greece and Rome, in purity of diction and delicacy of phrase, in Poetry, History, &c.

Our Correspondent then proposes the following

SKETCH OF A HISTORY OF CASTRATION.

Pray excuse these comments on a history of such singular antiquity and curious research: it was not my intention to dwell upon a work of such value, but to point out to the learned world, another history; viz. that of Castration, which is equally curious, much more interesting, though probably, of less antiquity, than the History of Weeping. The work to be comprised in the short compass of five volumes, folio, containing, as near as possible, the same number of words, as the last edition of Chambers's Encyclopedia, illustrated with a complete set of the most beautiful, interesting, and explanatory copper-plate engravings, price fifteen guineas. Subscriptions are not solicited, it being the design of the proprietors to offer the Public the most curious and interesting work, on the most liberal terms, without any arts whatever to extend the sale.

Vol I. will contain a decision upon the various causes that gave rise to the custom of human and brute Castration, pointing out pretty exactly its antiquity, clearly proving it to have been an antideluvian practice, and that necessity, the mother of inventions, arts, and sciences, gave rise to it, and made it salutary to the conveniences of society, caprice having nothing to do in a practice, which we hold to be cruel and unnatural.

Vol. II. treats of the progress of Castration, pointing out wherein it was carried to extremity of cruelty, through the prevalence of fashion, the manner of operations, the sufferings of patients, the commiseration of females, &c.

Vol. III. and IV. treats of the declension of the art and practice of Castration, denoting the various causes and events that lead to it; viz. the discovery of Africa and Europe, the rise of navigation, &c. with about ten thousand speeches, *pro.* and *con.* for the sending out colonies to the new-discovered countries. These speeches, or orations, are from five minutes to five hours in length, setting forth in the clearest point of view, the state of Africa and Europe, at the earliest period, and the most cogent arguments for a total abolition of Castration, the various plans, and most adviseable means of forming colonies; with the inconceivable advantages likely to be derived to the mother countries. As these orations throw the clearest light on the dark parts of all known history, a very particular regard will be paid to it; they are partly historical and argumentative, and partly pathetical and stimulative. Four hundred are male speeches, six hundred are female orations, the shortest of which, about half, or an hour, in length, and the longest, just twelve hours long, spoken by one of the most famous Eastern matrons ever recorded in any history. In this able speech is to be met the most persuasive and pathetical arguments, to rouse men to acts of magnanimity for the good of the people, to move the tender passions and fine feelings of humanity, to pity the sufferings of the male creation, and the more-to-be pitied females; and when having fully convinced all her auditors of the cogency of her arguments, and inspired

inspired them with courage and magnanimity to inforce her proposals, she fell down, and expired directly. In consequence of this illustrious matron's speech, a colony was selected, and sent to Europe, which settled in that part of Greece, called Ephesus, where the matron was worshipped under the name of Diana, and had the most splendid, capacious, and richest temple ever known in the whole world, erected to her memory, which stood for a long succession of ages, the glory of the country, and the admiration of all nations, when it sunk down at once, and was lost in a minute.

Vol. V. gives a particular relation of the various kingdoms and states in Africa and Europe, how and when founded; from whence the history of animals and vegetables, may be clearly ascertained. In this volume, a more than ordinary regard shall be paid to the state of Great Britain, settling the question, whether it was ever a part of the continent or an island, as at this day; with various other matters, equally important and interesting.

A copious Appendix will be added, Physical, Metaphysical, and Scientifical, elucidating the Battle of Giants, that is, the tyranny and oppression of the Fathers, the Asiatics, over the Colonists, their offspring; how the Children became victorious, free, independent, humbling parental pride, cruelty, &c. With a review of the effects of Castration upon the Human Constitution, the abilities of body and mind, how it affects the voice, and whether it has a tendency to longevity, &c.

A. B.

Castle Hedingham.

Upon the Present Perplexities of Clubs in General.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I Presume you very well know that a considerable proportion of the good people, and honest tradesmen, of this kingdom are divided into societies and clubs, in which they meet nightly in taverns and public houses. Almost every street in a large town has a little senate of this description; and the privileges of sitting in council over the affairs of the nation, and a pot of porter, has long been claimed by free Britons, and acknowledged by *all* administrations

In these clubs, the conversation, as you must know, or have heard, turns chiefly on the politics of the day; every man who has attended to his shop, morning and afternoon, considers it as his duty to close the day with a pipe, a pot, and the affairs of Europe, but especially of his own country; and Ministers of State are frequently called to a pretty severe account for their transactions, which they bear with a patience that I should wonder at if I did not condider that they are out of hearing.

The qualifications which entitle a man to rate his betters, and step so rapidly from the counter to the privy council, are perhaps fewer and more easily attained in this country than in any other. They consist not in any extraordinary share of wisdom or sagacity; frequently it is not necessary even to be able to read with accuracy. All that I can find indispensable is, that "every man pays for what he calls for;" and a very sensible man will not be listened to, if he has a *long score*.

The great use of these clubs is for relaxation after the fatigues of the

the day. After the toil and trouble of weighing out groceries, &c. it is a relief both to body and mind to discuss those affairs which are carrying on in Cabinets and Parliaments; and during the war, re-fighting a battle was an *amusement* which sent many a worthy tradesman home exceedingly refreshed, and ready for his pillow; and it was to little purpose that councils were held, and senates assembled, unless their proceedings were thus ratified.

Another use of these clubs, to some worthy people, was by way of relaxation of another kind—a sort of armistice from domestic war; and the reason why some men are of a domestic turn, was often the reason why others are not so, namely, that "they had a wife at home." But I do not insist on this as being a very general case. It may be mere scandal. I am rather inclined to think that these clubs had their rise originally in the blunders of Generals who commanded armies, or of Statesmen who were appointed to govern nations.

But I am running into a panegyric on clubs, when I mean quite another matter. The purport of my letter was to represent to you, that since this time twelvemonth, when a change of ministry took place, and particularly since October, when the news of peace arrived, the great politicians and orators of these clubs are quite at a stand. Such chops and changes, such confusion of in's and out's, such surmises of opposition turned into ministries, and ministries turned into opposition, have nonplussed us all to such a degree, that the president dare scarce venture to call for a toast, or propose any of the accustomed healths, for fear he should be drinking to somebody, that it is no longer worth while to drink to

In our club we used to have a majority, as usual, on the ministerial side, and a small minority on the other. But of late we are all so confounded that we know not what to drink, or where to look for a bumper; and it is but a few nights ago, that a member, formerly in opposition, seized the poker and stirred the fire, although that has been, for the last eighteen years, the inalienable privilege of a Pitt's man.

But what is still worse in this alarming uncertainty, not half the quantity of liquor is drank, and the tobacco-trade falls off amazingly. Indeed no man has any thing to say now which he would wish to back with a bottle, and our friends and favourites being, as a body may say, neither in nor out, neither here nor there, no man offers at the heel of the evening to be his shilling for a fresh bowl; and for some months past, several of our *dryest* members have slunk off when their pint was out, for want of a reasonable excuse for an overtaker. Even the deputy, a famous sitter up, and generally the last to depart, declares—"he will smoke just one pipe," and keeps his word. I have known the time when he would have gone on with "nine corns more" till the clock had struck two. But past are those happy days.

I would have the Chancellor of the Exchequer look at this matter; let him consider what the revenue will suffer, if *butts* remain *entire*: and *tobacco* is no longer called for a second time. Let us know what we are about, who are in, and who are likely to be in, and we will call for the bottle, or mix the punch accordingly; at present the law of bumpers is suspended, and every man fills what he pleases, and will

continue

continue to do so, until he knows what is the toast.

I have taken the liberty, therefore, to suggest these matters to your readers, Gentlemen, and I hope they will attend to them. Already have some landlords given hints that the club may as well sit in the tap-room, and some have gone so far as to illuminate our discussions with *tens* instead of *long-sixes*. I am Sir, your humble servant,

DICK DOUBTFUL.

Sub Rosa, Feb. 19, 1802.

A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF The Two Self-taught VETERINARIANS, OR, WHITWORTH DOCTORS.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

AS several erroneous accounts have been given in the different newspapers, of the late Mr. John Taylor and family, I send you the following, which, from my personal knowledge of the parties, may be relied upon for its authenticity.

I am yours, &c. L.

TO introduce to you more familiarly the characteristics of this remarkable family, I shall first give you a brief description of the individuals who composed it.—They consisted of the late Mr. John Taylor, so universally known as the *Whitworth Doctor*; Mr. Geo. Taylor, his brother; their two wives; and John and James, the sons of *Old Doctor John*, a title by which the latter was generally distinguished.

Dr. John was a man devoid of education; but nature had befriended him with strong natural abilities, and an acuteness of intellect by no means common. Dr. George had no more learning than his brother, nor had he to boast of more perspicacity than what falls to the lot of most other men. The wives of these two acted as apothecaries, and compounded most of the medicines; and the business was conducted by the brothers on a joint partnership account. Mr. James, who claims a superiority for surgical knowledge and gentlemanly behaviour, usually dressed the wounds of his fellow-creatures; and Mr. John, jun. those of the brute creation; but both under the immediate direction of Old Doctor John.

The father of the two elder branches of this family, was a farrier and a cow-doctor, at Whitworth, near Rochdale, Lancashire, to which profession they were both brought up. In their Veterinary practice they were eminent and respectable; and the possession of several excellent family recipes, and their successful application, soon brought them into that notice which few other parts of this country are so well calculated to produce; and that they well merited the encomiums bestowed on them for their superior skill, in the treatment of several diseases peculiar to the human race, the subsequent facts will leave uncontroverted.

The practice of these brothers was immense. A hogshead of Glauber's Salt was brought in at once; and it would astonish any one to see the wonderful number of gallipots delivered in at a time. They sell salves and medicines, as it were by wholesale, and supply vast numbers of persons who practise in their way. Their salves are prepared in large furnaces. In their shop stand two jars; one contains Green Digestive, and the other White Cerate. These jars will hold at least four gallons each, and from one of which every patient, that is able, spreads his own plaster upon paper, as a substitute for lint.

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The village of Whitworth may, indeed, be termed an University of Hospitals; almost every house being a receptacle for patients.—Upon an average, the Doctors dress one hundred and forty patients daily; and on Sundays the number to these is most wonderfully increased. But the assertion, in other accounts, of troughs being placed round a room, to receive the blood of the great numbers that are bled at a time, *gratis*, on Sunday mornings, is wholly unfounded.

Every Monday they practised in Rochdale, and the extent of their business in that town almost exceeds comprehension to one who never witnessed it.—Their celebrity is certainly owing to their success in the cure of cancers, wens, fistulas, &c. In these operations a liquid caustic was their surgical knife; and with it they performed wonders. Having been in the constant habit of exercising it as their chief surgical instrument, they use it with that precision and success with which the present regular medical practitioners are unacquainted. With this they extirpated cancers, dispersed callosities, reduced nodes, and eradicated fistulas.

Their fame for the cure of these, and several other obstinate complaints, was very far from being of a local kind; it was expanded, and its voice was heard in every parish in England, and in every province in Europe. I myself saw two patients under their care from North America. I have seen surgeons of our own land who had come there for surgical help in their own cases, which they themselves could not relieve, and they have returned perfectly cured.

The celebrated Dr. Stableton, of Prescot, brought his wife in his own carriage to Whitworth, for the cure of a cancer in the tongue and throat; and in the course of nine months many women left the place cured of cancers in the breast; and five patients cured of cancers in the tongue during the same time can proclaim their merit.

The late Bishop of Durham, brother of Lord Thurlow, received that relief from Mr. J. Taylor which he could not obtain from men of the first medical and scientific knowledge. The Duchess of Queensborough was greatly relieved by the Doctor; and the Princess Elizabeth perfectly cured of a pain in her head which had resisted the efforts of regular practice.

In my own case, you have a striking proof of his skill, or success, call it which you will. Before I was his patient, I became daily worse; he stopped the further devastations in my mouth; had I not been his patient, 'tis probable I should now have numbered with the dead. I do not say he understood the cause of my complaint; he certainly did not. As far as it required surgical skill he was successful: as a physician he was a nothing.

As setters of broken bones, and placers of dislocations, they were extremely skilful. To this part of their knowledge might be attributed no inconsiderable share of their surgical celebrity; and I think, an equal cure to the following is not to be met with in medical annals. It happened, that the owner of a cotton-mill, worked by a powerful stream, was drawn in between the cogs of two wheels, to that degree, as to stop the motion of the whole mill. Never was seen so mangled a body; scarcely a rib that was not dislocated: I saw the poor creature dressed; the doctor wrapt him in what he calls a black salve plaister;

after

after that in a sheep skin, with the wool on: he made a perfect cure. In a desperate surgical case, he was the first man in Europe, I sincerely believe.

His brother's wife, Mrs. George, was the chief compounder of medicines; too often did she apportion the drugs by the *rule of thumb*. They made up vast quantities of horse and cow medicines; on these occasions she never used the balance. Nor did she, in other cases, often trouble herself with scales and weights; I have seen her some times attempt it, but never could she make out the weights. It happened, on a Monday, while they were all at Rochdale, except Mrs. John, that a person brought an order for some medicines: in a hurry, a servant was dispatched to my lodgings; I returned with her, in haste; in short, I was requested to read the letter; Mrs. J. could not.

The learned Dr. White, of Manchester, often asked Dr. Taylor, how many he had killed that year? John Taylor always replied, it signifies not how many; I kill them cheaper than you. Yet, Dr. White frequently sent him cancerous patients. I have often heard Mr. John say, in the dialect of his province, to some one of his patients, "Howd, mon, yo mun wheat a bit; youd horse has been comn au lung while; I mun goo toe it; so yo mon stop 'till E dun it!"

His dialogue with a most exalted female personage, *incog*. at the Duche[illegible] of [illegible]'s house; and that with Lord Craven, when sent for to set the thigh bone of a favourite racer, must have been highly diverting, for Dr. John generally used the pronoun 'thou' to his patients of whatever description; for as to any distinction of rank or situation, it never once entered his head. His rough jokings with his patients at home were often very entertaining, both from the singularity of his dialect, and the shrewd bluntness of his observations.

The situation of the Dr.'s bed will give you an idea of his physical knowledge. It stood in the very room where he dressed his patients; of course, you will conclude, the air could not be very pure. What with old plasters, &c. &c. it was rendered, to any other person, most intolerable. Now this bed was fixed in an angle of the room, and boarded up as close as any cupboard in your house, and the Doctor went to bed through a door, which he shut after him.

Their charge was astonishingly moderate. To ordinary patients, who submitted to the rules of the house, and were content to be dressed and dealt with *en masse*, their charge was only two shillings per week, including attendance, surgical operations, and medicines! When a patient left them and returned home, they were furnished with medicines sufficient for several years, at an expence of six or eight shillings.

Notwithstanding his apparently trivial means of accumulation, Dr. John, it is said, died possessed of a fortune of more than Thirty Thousand Pounds. But he never altered his way of living to the last.

The only luxury in which the deceased indulged himself, was a pack of hounds, of which he was uncommonly fond.

New Proposals for Theatrical Benefits.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THE benefits being on the eve of taking place, I recommend the following characters to the notice of the public.—At the same time, I have submitted to your considerations suitable Plays, wishing them success and overflowing houses,

I. I. B.

	For the benefit of
Wit without Money	R. B. Sheridan, Esq.
Management	T. Harris, Esq.
The Farmer	Sir John Sinclair.
The Old Batchelor	Duke of Queensberry.
The Gamesters	The Subscription Houses.
The Road to Ruin	Coffee-house at Newmarket.
The Naval Pillar	Lord St. Vincent.
The Poor Soldier	Colonel George Hanger.
The Way to Keep Him	Mrs. Jordan.
Cato	Lord Thurlow.
The Mysterious Husband	The P—— of W——.
The Widowed Wife	P——ss of W——.
The Irishman in London	Claudius Beresford.
Blunders at Brighton	Messrs. Tilt, Shergold, and Hicks.
The Rivals	Giffard and Peter Pindar.
The Wheel of Fortune	Sir Harry Vane Tempest.
The Roman Actor	Mr. Kemble.
The Smugglers	The Cornfactors, &c.
The Constant Couple	Lord and Lady Derby.
All the World's a Stage	Margravine of Anspach.
The Critic	Dr. Parr.
The Humourist	Caleb Whiteford.
Distressed Baronet	Sir John L——.
Election	Borough-mongers.
Tender Husband	Earl of Derby.
Provoked Husband	Mr. Hoare.
Love for Love	Mr. and Mrs. Dormer.
Cheap Living	Jack Wilmot.
Poor Gentleman	General C——.

NEW

New Improvements in the Diversions of the Carnival, at Paris.

THE close, or winding up of the late revelry, in that city, is thus spoken of by a person that was present.

"The preparations which were made for *Mardi gras* (Shrove Tuesday) were of the most extraordinary description. From La Madelaine to the *ci-devant* Bastile, the Boulevardes were occupied through the whole of the day by a double line of carriages, filled within, and covered, for the greater part, without, by masks of different descriptions.—The line, including those which paraded the Rue St. Honore, &c. could not be less than five miles in length. Turks, Greeks, Chinese, Sultanas, Circassians, and Poissardes, met the eye in every direction. Harlequins, clowns, and punchinellos, filled every street, in defiance of a very heavy rain. The general appearance was such, that a stranger might easily have been induced to believe that nine-tenths of the people of Paris were actually gone mad!—There were, indeed, some circumstances which went very nearly to justify such a persuasion. I saw an equipage, consisting of a landau, drawn by six horses, with postillions and out-riders, all very superbly dressed. The group in the carriage was a Neptune and Amphitrite, with their attendant nymphs, all in characteristic dresses of velvet and embroidery.—The horses and the landau were covered with rich bear-skins. The expence of this single display, was calculated at no less than Ten Thousand Livres (Four Hundred Pounds); and what adds to the singularity is, that the best informed persons in this capital are completely ignorant of the persons, who lent themselves to this strange extravagance. There was also a splendid car, exhibiting a Venus and Adonis, with decorations nearly as superb as the preceding. From these the folly descended in gradation, until it reached the *Canaille*, who proudly stalked about in their suits of coloured paper, or in a complete armour of oyster-shells, strung one over the other. There were two or three English carriages in the procession, which were much followed on account of the profusion with which the masks distributed oranges and *bon-bons* to the mobility.—The official Journals seemed to dwell with satisfaction on this species of amusement, "which the people furnished to themselves." It is shrewdly suspected, however, that the police contributed, in the first instance, at least, something more than its tacit permission. The political inferences to be drawn from the gaiety and confidence of the people were certainly not without their value.

"The saloons, which were opened for the masks, were beyond all calculation. At the *Vauxhall d'Ete*, the *Pavillion d'Hanovre*, and a number of others, decorated in the English fashion, the admission was *trente sols* (fifteen-pence); and those who take pleasure in the *Pele-mele* and confusion of this species of amusement, might there have been gratified even to satiety."

History of Clubs.

THE LORDS.

A DISPOSITION to imitate their superiors, is often observable in the middling and lower ranks of life. If exalted characters always possessed exalted minds, and adopted an elevation of virtuous conduct, this temper would

be of infinite service to society: but the great too frequently leave us nothing but their grandeur and extravagance to imitate; and thereby involve themselves in disgrace, and those who follow their example, in ruin. However, in the instance before us, treading in patrician steps, is attended with no material danger; as the Peers are imitated in their senatorial capacities only, and not in their private deportment.

The House of Lords is a society that has been established in the neighbourhood of Chancery-lane some years. It has been frequently removed, and is now held at the Yorkshire Grey, near Rolls buildings. The President of this Association is formally stiled Lord Chancellor. He wears a legal wig and robes; and has a mace placed on the table before him, which denotes the sitting of the House, and consequent necessity of observing order. The principal business of this high officer is to regulate debate, and administer the engagement which is entered into by new-made Peers; that is, to obey the Chancellor, to conform to the rules and orders of the House, and to act in a polite and friendly manner towards the members. Here, as well as at Westminster, dignity is not proportioned to merit, but the titles to the sums given for admission. A Baron pays one, a Viscount two, an Earl three, a Marquis four, and a Duke five shillings for his honours. The form of making a Peer of this House, is as follows:—One of the Nobles proposes the intended member as an Esquire, desirous and worthy of a seat among the Lords. This motion being duly seconded, and carried by a majority of voices, the new Peer is introduced by the Usher of the Black Rod, and certain Lords commissioned for the purpose. He bows thrice respectfully in his way to the chair, and then takes promise before spoken of, which he engages to perform upon his honour. If he fails so to do, an impeachment is formed against him, a Lord High Steward is appointed, the Peers are summoned, he takes his trial, is expelled, fined, censured, or acquitted, as his case may demand; after which, the presiding officer breaks his wand, and the proceedings end. To preserve order, there are likewise a Clerk of the Crown, and a Serjeant at Arms. Thus much for the component members and officers of the House. With respect to the business of it, that consists chiefly of debate on the most popular religious, political, moral, or scientifical subjects. No Lord speaks twice on the same topic, but him who opened the controversy. When the arguments are closed, the House is adjourned, the Peers lay down their dignities, and conviviality ensues. The titles are of two sorts; at the option of the member when chosen, either such as exist at Westminster, or original ones, but they must be distinct.

Here you meet with Attornies and their Clerks, under the distinguished denominations of Kenyon, Eyre, or Loughborough. Here you may find a Fishmonger at the head of the Admiralty, under the title of Lord St. Vincent, and one of a City Association, Commander in Chief of the Army, in the character of the Duke of York. But as these gentlemen are not the mere echoes of their principals, you may find them at times in singular situations. Thus do a number of thinking characters associate and amuse themselves, mixing rational

tional conversation with conviviality, and instruction with entertainment. How much superior is this design to those which tend only to promote riot and intemperance.

Trial of Lieutenant Oswald Wilkins, and Ensign Robert Spunner of the 55th Regiment of Foot,

For an assault upon Mr. Haiselden, of the George Inn, at Robertsbridge.

At a General Court-Martial, held at Silver-hill Barracks, Sussex, on Tuesday, March 3, 1802.

The Court was composed of the following Members:—

PRESIDENT,

Colonel Coote Manningham of the Rifle Corps.

Right,

Colonel R. Bingham, 9th foot;
Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Imhoff, 4th foot;
Captain John Varlo, 18th light dragoons;
Captain John Welsford, 4th foot;
Captain Christopher Vowell, 9th foot;
Lieutenant John Chester, Royal Artillery; and
Lieutenant T. W. Butter, 9th foot

Left,

Lieutenant-Colonel Honourable C. W. Stewart, 18th light dragoons;
Major Henry Crawford, 9th foot;
Captain Thomas C. Gardiner, rifle corps;
Captain Thomas Downman, horse artillery;
Lieutenant Alexander, 4th foot;
Lieutenant William Glenn, 9th foot; and
Lieutenant C. Robertson, 18th light dragoons.

Deputy Judge Advocate, J. C. Mitchell, Esq. Brighton.

CHARGES.

1. For shameful and disorderly behaviour, in having, between the 25th and 30th days of November, 1801, at the George Inn, at Robertsbridge, after drinking there till a late hour, violently assaulting Mr. Haiselden, keeper of the said Inn, his brother, and others, whom they struck and wounded with sticks and a sword; and having by such conduct, subjected themselves to be treated and exposed in a manner highly derogatory to the military profession; thereby behaving in a manner unbecoming the character of officers and gentlemen.

2. Charge against Ensign Spunner;—for having, whilst in the custody of the civil power, so far forgot what was due to his situation as an officer, as to endeavour to persuade the Surgeon of the 55th regiment, to threaten Mr. Haiselden with the vengeance of the soldiers, if he did not speedily release him and Lieutenant Wilkins; thereby behaving in a manner unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman.

3. Charge against Ensign Robert Spunner;—for endeavouring to evade the fulfilment of his engagement, to leave the 55th regiment, which he had agreed to do, in consequence of his improper conduct, as stated in the first charge: 1st, by a submissive memorial, addressed to the officers of the regiment, humbly intreating their intercession with the Commanding Officer, that he (Ensign Spunner) might be restored to his former situation in the regiment, and afterwards defying his Commanding Officer to prove any thing to his prejudice, and demanding a General Court Martial; thereby behaving in a manner unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman.

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The proceedings closed on Tuesday the 12th.

The Court sentenced Lieutenant Wilkins to six, and Ensign Spunner to twelve months suspension, which, his Majesty having confirmed, they are suspended accordingly.

The military assault on Mr. Haiselden, probably caused the removal of the 55th regiment, which soon after marched from Silver-hill, to the barracks at Horsham.

During the sittings of the Court Martial, the master of the George Inn, in aggravation of his former sufferings, experienced two elopements from his house, one of which was effected by his pretty, salacious cook-maid, with a strapping grenadier; and, the other, by one of the tribe of pilferers,* with the boots and great-coat of the Deputy Judge Advocate!

Fracas at Maidstone.

On the evening the late Assizes at Maidstone terminated, several of the King's Counsel and Serjeants retired to dinner at the Star Inn, and indulged themselves in the pleasures of the table till towards twelve o'clock at night. At this time Mr. Serjeant Best quitted the company in order to call upon his relation Mr. Knapp, to arrange their return to town in the morning. As he was walking down the street leading from the Star to Mr. Knapp's lodgings, he was passed by two men who appeared to regard him with particular circumspection: they returned, and passed him a second time, and kept their eyes fixed on him till he reached Mr. Knapp's door. Mr. Serjeant Best, on returning to the Inn, perceived the same two men standing opposite Mr. Knapp's door. He had not gone far, when they passed him a third time, and one of them accosting him, asked, "if he was Mr. Serjeant Best?" Upon his replying in the affirmative, the man who had accosted him, said, "then, Sir, you are a d—d impertinent scoundrel." Mr. Best immediately did that which every gentleman would have done, he knocked him down, and not knowing what sort of characters he might have to deal with, he endeavoured to reach his lodgings. They pursued him, and came up with him just as he had got to the door, when the same man who had used such illiberal language assaulted and struck him several violent blows; a scuffle then ensued, and the Serjeant's Clerk having opened the door, the aggressor and his companion were forced into the house, when they turned out to be Mr. Samuel Ferrard Waddington and his Clerk. The latter addressing the Serjeant said, "Sir, you will recollect I neither spoke to or struck you." Immediately the Serjeant's Clerk observed, that the same person had, in the course of the evening, left a letter for him. The letter was brought and opened; it appeared to contain a printed address from Mr. Waddington to the Hop Planters of Kent, setting forth the services he had endeavoured to render them; the sacrifices he had made of his fortune; the injury he had sustained by the breach of their contracts with him, and the persecutions he had undergone. On the back was written a note to Serjeant Best, intimating, "that he was a scoundrel, for having (in the exercise of his professional duty) applied the term fraudulent to those contracts, and inferring that every man, who either publicly or privately stated them as such, was a scoundrel; and adding, that he was to be found at a certain inn in

the

the town till the next morning, when he should set off for Dover, where he was also to be met with till a particular day."—Mr. Best observed, that Mr. Waddington's conduct rendered it impossible to meet him as a man of honour. The parties then separated, and the Serjeant has submitted the whole of the affair to the consideration of Mr. Erskine and another legal friend.

[Vide a humourous and original song on this subject, in our Poetical Department.

Striking Account of The LEMMING, or NORWAY RAT.

[From Dr. Shaw's General Zoology.]

THIS animal sometimes descends, in troops, from the mountains, and, by its incredible numbers, becomes a temporary scourge. This does not happen, upon an average, above once in ten years, and is supposed to arise from a temporary want of food, or an instinctive knowledge, possessed by these animals, of an approaching season of want. Autumn is the period they generally chuse; they then form themselves into a compact phalanx, move on in a strait line, resolutely surmounting every obstacle, and undismayed by every danger; they cannot be contemplated but with astonishment. The ground they go over appears, at a distance, as if it had been ploughed, the grass being devoured to the very roots, in numerous stripes, or parallel paths, of one or two spans broad, and at the distance of some ells from each other.

This army of animals move chiefly at night, or in the morning, devouring the herbage in such a manner, that the surface appears as if burnt. No obstacles they meet have any effect in altering their route; neither fires, nor deep ravines, neither torrents, nor marshes, nor lakes: they proceed inflexibly in a strait line; and hence it happens, that many thousands perish in the waters, or are found dead on the shores.

If they meet with a rick of corn or hay in their march, they eat through it; but if rocks intervene, which they cannot pass, they go round, but immediately resume their former direction. If disturbed or pursued, while swimming over a lake, or their line is broken by oars or poles, they will not give back, but regularly collect again, in a strait line, and have even been sometimes known to endeavour to board, or pass over, a vessel.

On their passage over land, if attacked by men, they will raise themselves up, uttering a kind of barking sound, fly at the legs of their opposers, and, fastening at the end of a stick, cling so strongly to the same, that, being swung round with it, they will not fall off. They are with great difficulty put to flight; and, though it is said, that an intestine war among them takes place during these migrations, and that they destory each other, it is certain that the major part of them perish by owls, hawks, and weasels, exclusive of the numbers which die in the waters; so that a very small proportion survive long enough to return, which they are sometimes observed to do, to their native mountains.

Dr. Shaw, likewise, gives an account of the Economical Rat, in the Second Volume of his Zoology, which we shall extract hereafter, as a case uncommonly curious and remarkable.

EXTRA-

Extraordinary Sporting Performances, &c.

LORD Chedworth's famous horse, Regulus, in the year 1739, won seven Royal Plates. He was never beat; proved an excellent stallion, being the sire of Adolphus, Trajan, the dam of Eclipse, the great grandam of Highflyer, and many other capital horses and mares.

In the year, 1740 Mr. Panton's black horse, Sloe, won five Royal Plates, and two other prizes. Sloe was never beat, and was sire of Sweeper.

Mr. O'Kelly's famous mare (dam of Mercury, Volunteer, &c.) bred a foal when she was *thirty-six* years old.

An extraordinary instance in skaiting took place, in 1760, from Montreal to Quebec, by the two couriers sent by General Amherst to General Murray, who, in the space of eighteen hours, went over a surface of ice extending one hundred and ninety miles.

In 1761, Mr. Gilbert Young, bookbinder, (who was famous for dancing, leaping, and fencing) at a standing leap, crossed the great cistern at Hexham Market-place, which was seven feet nine inches wide, and the parapets two feet three inches high.

On the 22d of December, 1762, a wager, of a thousand pounds against fifty, laid some time before, by two gentlemen of note in the city, was determined and paid. The fact in question was, whether the Preliminaries of Peace were signed on the second or third of November? He that betted the thousand pounds opined for the second, and was so positive, as to lay against fifty; but the matter being plainly proved against him, he generously paid. It is probable his positiveness in this wager arose from his correspondent's wrong information by twelve hours. The Plenipotentiaries did agree about all the Preliminaries the second of November, at night, over a bottle, but did not sign them till the next morning.

On the 28th of June, 1765, was determined a wager, between two noblemen, for one thousand guineas, that a boat should go twenty-five miles in an hour. For this purpose a large circular trench, of one hundred feet diameter and nine feet wide, was dug in a field behind Jenny's Whim, near Chelsea Bridge; and, in the centre of the land surrounded by this trench was fixed a post, with a radius, extending to the middle of the canal; so that the boat, being tied to the moveable end of the radius, might be moved with great velocity by a very slow motion, by a horse fastened to some point of the radius, between the boat and the centre. The wager was, however, lost, by part of the tackling giving way; though the trial had succeeded perfectly well the day before.

September 30th, Mr. Thomas Scott, of York, rode his own horse, from that city to London, in thirty-two hours and forty minutes, being one hundred and ninety-two miles.

The Reverend Mr. Corsellis, who chanced to be wind-bound at Dover, having a favourite greyhound with him, and a hare being then in the neighbourhood who had beat all her pursuers, his dog was so superior to her in speed, and pressed her so close, that she ran for the Cliff, as her only chance of escaping; but the greyhound threw at her, caught her on the brink, and went, with the hare in his mouth, to the bottom of the precipice, where they were both, literally, dashed to pieces.

On

On the 1st of August, 1786, at Brighton, an uncommon race was run, for one hundred guineas a side, which afforded excellent sport for the diversion of the company. A military gentleman, with a jockey on his back, weighing 7st. 5lb. booted and spurred, ran against a fat *Bullock* *, unmounted, across the Steine, and won with ease. The bets, before starting, were 10 to 1 against the winner.

At a hunting-match, given by Prince Esterhazy, Regent of Hungary, upon signing a treaty of peace with France, the day's sport bid fair to vie, in point of blood, (if the King of Naples's slaughter be excepted) with any of those recorded in modern history; as there were killed one hundred and sixty deer, one hundred wild boars, three hundred hares, and eighty foxes.

The King had a larger extent, and a longer period, for the exercise of his talents; and it was proved, that during his journey to Vienna, Bohemia, and Moravia, he killed five bears, one thousand eight hundred and twenty boars, one thousand nine hundred and sixty deer, one thousand one hundred and forty-five does, one thousand six hundred and twenty-five roebucks, one thousand one hundred and twenty-one rabbits, thirteen wolves, seventeen badgers, sixteen thousand three hundred and fifty-four hares, and three hundred and fifty-four foxes.

The monarch had, likewise, the pleasure of doing a little in the bird way, by killing, upon the same expedition, fifteen thousand three hundred and fifty pheasants, and twelve thousand three hundred and thirty-five partridges.

On the 22d of March, 1787, a walking match, between Mr. May, and Colonel Thornton, on which many thousands were depending; which was, that the Colonel was to walk fifty miles in fourteen successive hours. The Colonel completed the distance, and near a mile over, in one hour and thirty-five minutes less than the time, in Lanesborough Gardens, near Beverley, in Yorkshire.

In October, 1788, Mr. Hughes, of Parados, near Oswestry, in Shropshire, rode a nag of his for a considerable bet, from that place to Shrewsbury, being a distance of twenty-two miles, in one hour and five minutes. One hour and fifteen minutes was allowed.

Mr. Hughes, a short time afterwards, rode the same nag, from Shrewsbury to London (one hundred and fifty-five miles) in twenty-four hours and a half.

In February, 1789, the hounds of Mr. Barnard, of Lindsell-Hall, found a hare near Felstead, in Essex, which was taken alive out of a drain in a farm yard, after a chase of upwards of twenty miles in little better than an hour.

In the same year, a Match was made in Wiltshire, between two hounds as to speed, and that they should kill a hare by themselves. The hare was started upon Stoke Down, and it was supposed that they ran near fifteen miles in three-quarters of an hour, when the hare was killed by a hound that carried four pounds weight of shot.

The fastest trotter ever known in these kingdoms, was a bay gelding, called Archer; from the name of the person, who brought him to London from Norfolk. He was from the get of Old Shields, and afterwards the property of Mr. Marsden, the dealer, now of Tottenham Court Road. He several times trotted at the rate of twenty miles

* Meaning Mr. *Bullock*, the brewer, well known on the turf, and who died lately.

miles an hour, carrying fifteen stone while in his possession. Mr. Marsden had, at the same time, a one-eyed black gelding, supposed to be the speediest for one or two miles, the former of which he performed considerably under three minutes. The rapidity of his burst in the course of a mile's trotting, was at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

Mr. Cartwright's old gelding was a famous trotter. This noble animal was cruelly and sottishly murdered about ten years ago, by being trotted over the road in a hard frost. He performed sixteen miles in fifty-four minutes and a half, carrying eleven stone. The excessive shaking which he suffered from the hardness of the road, brought a fever and inflammation upon his feet, which, with the aid of suppressed perspiration and improper treatment, soon killed him.

As Archer was the speediest, the well-known brown mare which died, the property of Mr. Bishop, proved herself the most lasting trotter in the world. This mare was full fifteen hands high, with bone sufficient to carry twenty stone; shewed some blood, with a mixture of the cart-breed, such as we frequently see in farmer's hacks. In her latter days, she was a dashing goer, but was never remarkable for speed, nor ever able to trot the mile in three minutes. In the year 1783, or thereabouts, she trotted over the Epsom road sixteen miles in fifty-eight minutes and a half, carrying twelve stone, rode by Mr. Aldridge, who at present keeps the Repository in St. Martin's-lane. She was matched to trot seventeen miles on the Hertford road, carrying sixteen stone four pounds, and received one hundred and fifty guineas forfeit.

In October, 1791, being then eighteen years old, she trotted on the Romford road, sixteen miles in fifty-eight minutes some odd seconds, with 12st. beating Green's horse, Shields, for 50l. The loser (now the property of Mr. Reed, distiller, of Fann's-street, Aldersgate-street) trotted the sixteen miles within the hour. It was probably within the powers of this mare, to have trotted thirty miles in two hours, which distance was actually trotted in two hours and ten minutes, by Mr. Ogden's chesnut mare, who likewise trotted four miles in twelve minutes and four seconds; forty miles in three hours, carrying 14st.; ten miles in thirty-three minutes; and, at another time, the same number of miles in thirty-two minutes.

The brown mare, died Jan. 30, 1794. She had been nearly starved by running the winter in a Park near Hounslow; and the morning she was taken home dropped down dead, as the boy was exercising her after water.

Very good Portraits of the above two mares; viz. Mr. Ogden's, and Mr. Bishop's; the former in page 31, and the latter in page 237, in the Fourth Volume of the Sporting Magazine.

The same year, a grey mare, called the Locksmith's mare, a running trotter, trotted seventy-two miles in six hours.

In April, 1792, the yellow bay gelding, called Spider, and Mr. Cartwright's chesnut gelding (above-mentioned), then near thirty years of age, trotted thirty-two miles in two hours, between Stilton and Cambridge, rode by the same person, weighing nearly 10st. Spider trotted the first twenty-four miles in an hour twenty-eight minutes and a half; and the old chesnut horse the remainder. It was said

said they could have performed thirty-four miles within the given time.

A five-year old, son of Young Pretender, (which Pretender was got by Hue-and-Cry, son of Old Shields, out of a bred daughter of Lord Abingdon's Pretender) trotted, in 1792, in Lincolnshire, sixteen miles in fifty-nine minutes, carrying 15st.

In 1793, Crocket's grey mare trotted one hundred miles in twelve hours, and twenty minutes to spare.

In Sandpit-wood, in the parish of Terling, in Essex, a pack of fox-hounds, very early in the season of 1782, had just unkennelled, and the hares of which, as well as of foxes, there being plenty in the cover, many of them were disturbed. In one of the paths, a hare met and run against a terrier, who was hastening to the cry, with such velocity, that both animals were apparently killed. The dog was with some difficulty recovered, but the hare's skull was fractured to pieces.

In October, 1792, a hare, after a chase of sixteen miles, by the Seaford hounds, took the Sea, near Cuckmere, in Sussex, and swam a quarter of a mile from shore, before she was overtaken by the dogs.

In December, 1794, a company of gentlemen were coursing at Finchingfield, in Essex; a hare was started, and a brace of greyhounds, in running at her, ran against each other, and were both killed on the spot.

Merkin, a fox-hound bitch, bred by Colonel Thornton, some years since, ran a trial of four miles over Newmarket, and the time she performed it in was seven times and half a second. She was challenged to run any hound of her year, five miles over Newmarket, giving two hundred and twenty yards, for Ten Thousand Guineas. This bitch was sold, in 1795, for four hogsheads of claret, and the seller to have two couple of her whelps.

In 1797, October 19, a person, of the name of John Taylor, ran three miles in seventeen minutes, on the Harrow Road, for a wager of twenty guineas. The bets were five to three against him.

Lord Ongley's harriers, in March, 1798, in the course of a very hard chase of three hours, ran a hare through a part of eight parishes and three counties.

In the summer of 1799, a bay mare, called Betty, belonging to Mr. Robinson, at the livery stables, in Little Britain, trotted, on the Huntingdon road, nineteen miles in an hour. What is more extraordinary, she trotted the last ten miles in half an hour. She is now the property of Mr. Dagley, at Shepherd's Bush.

On Saturday, May 17, 1800, at Newmarket, Sir T. Gascoigne's Timothy, by Delpini, 8st. beat Mr. Heathcote's Warter, 8st. 5lb. from the starting post of B. C. to the end of R. M. (about three miles and a half) for Five Hundred Guineas; thirteen to three, and in running, five to one, on Warter, who took the lead, and during the race, made play for his adversary. Warter ran on the lowest ground of the course, and consequently lost the whip-hand; by this means, Timothy, who shewed less bottom than Warter, was frequently kept in the course, by running upon the rising ground. The greatest skill and judgment was shewn by the riders, in one of the best races ever rode, and which was won only by about a neck. Much money was depending on this race. Timothy was rode by Dennis Fitzpa-

D 2 trick,

trick, and Warter by Francis Buckle.

On Friday, August 29, 1800, at the York (second) Meeting, was run for the Great Subscription of 25gs each, with 50l. added, by the City of York, for 4 yr old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—4-miles, twenty subscribers.

Sir H. T. Vane's br. c. Cockfighter, by Overton (rode by Thomas Fields) -	1
Mr. Peirce's gr. f. Constantia, (rode by J. Shepperd)	2
Duke of Hamilton's gr. c. by Walnut, (rode by Richard Spencer) -	3

6, 7, and 8 to 1, on Cockfighter, and 10 to 1 against either of the two.

Cockfighter bolted at Middlethorp Corner, and lost about three hundred yards; after which, even betting, and 5 to 4 on Cockfighter. An excellent race; and in which, as was allowed by every judge on the race ground, Mr. Fields displayed great judgment and coolness in bringing up Cockfighter to his antagonist, almost, as it were, inch by inch, which won him the race, though with some difficulty.

On the 3d of September, 1800, at Egham Races, 50l. was run for by three and four year olds; two mile heats, which was won by

Mr. Fletcher's ch. f. Allegranti, by Pegasus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb.	0	0	1	1
Mr. Stark's b. f. Lady Skirmish, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	3	3	3	2
Sir C. Bunbury's Gig, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	0	0	2	dr

At starting, 5 to 4 on Allegranti.

After the first heat, Allegranti, the favourite; after the second heat, the same; after the third heat, four to one she won.—Allegranti was rode by young Chiffney, a boy about fifteen years of age; and Gig, by young Goodisson, who rode him in great style; but, unfortunately, could not reduce himself to the proper weight within two pounds. It was the opinion of many, that if he could have accomplished this, he might have won.

An incident occurred in December, 1800, which brought the speed of the greyhound, and race-horse, into direct competition. A match was to have been run over Doncaster Course, for One Hundred Guineas; but one of the horses having been drawn, a mare started alone to make good the bet; and after having gone the distance of about a mile, a greyhound bitch started from the side of the course, and ran with her the other three miles, keeping nearly head to head, which produced a singular race; and when they arrived at the distance post, five to four was laid on the greyhound: when they came to the stand it was even betting. The mare won by about a head.

A Pickpocket Hunt.

On Tuesday, April 6th, as a gentleman was passing Somerset-House, he was surrounded by four pickpockets, one of whom contrived to get away his pocket-book, but being seen, he dropped the book, and made off. A *pursuit* immediately took place, and as the fellow had a light pair of heels, the *chase* afforded no small degree of satisfaction to the lovers of fun. The miserable object of pursuit had, at one time, nearly *distanced* his pursuers, by getting

into

into the avenues leading into Clare-market, when they were actually *at fault* for a minute or so, but it was discovered the *game* had taken *cover* under one of the butcher's shambles; the cry, or *view-halloo*, was given, the game again burst forth, and led his pursuers an excellent *run*, for near a quarter of an hour, when, after *doubling* through many an alley, he was *taken* almost breathless, in Stanhope-street, and hurried before the Magistrate, in Bow-street, who committed him to answer for the offence. What is remarkable, no less than four persons had their pockets picked in the mob collected together when the above offender was taken: his companions having followed in the *chase*, and finding all their endeavours to *draw off the scent* to be fruitless, they used their best skill to turn their friend's misfortune to their own profit, and made the above persons pay for the *sport* they had partaken of.

Interruption of a Sparring Match.

ON Tuesday, April 6, about eight o'clock in the evening, a number of persons met at the Pea-Hen public-house, in Gray's-inn-lane, for the purpose of seeing Belcher, Bourke, Gamble, and other noted pugilists, spar, for the benefit of Belcher. They continued to exhibit, in turn, until near ten o'clock, when they were interrupted by a visit from a party of the Bow-street officers, accompanied by a number of constables, armed with cutlasses, who separated into two divisions, the one taking their station at the door, to prevent any person escaping, while the others entered the room, and took into custody, not only the principal boxers, but also the company assembled, who all suffered themselves to be carried quietly to a place of safety.

A morning paper, on this occasion, humorously observed, that the above gentry, taken at the *Pea-Hen*, were very properly sent to the *Poultry*.

Crim. Con.

MARTIN *v.* POPJOY.

SATURDAY, April 3, in the Sheriff's Court, an inquiry of damages took place, in a case of *Crim. Con.* wherein Wm. Martin, a master tailor, was the plaintiff, and Fortescue Popjoy, his foreman, the defendant, who suffered judgment to go against him by default. One evening that the plaintiff supped at a public-house, finding himself unwell, he returned at a much earlier hour than his wife expected, rapped several times at his door before he was let in; and when admitted, saw his wife so confused, that, having previons suspicions, he was convinced of her infidelity. He then called up the maid-servant, and threatened to carry her before a Justice and send her to prison, if she did not tell who had been with her mistress. The girl, intimidated, confessed that the defendant had supped with her, and been locked up with her in the bed-room for two hours: his wife then acknowledged her guilt, and implored forgiveness. The plaintiff immediately rushed up stairs into the bed-room of the defendant, and struck him a blow with a poker, which broke his arm; and the next morning he sent his wife away from the house.—The facts were proved by

by the maid-servant, who had no doubt of the criminal correspondence. The Attorney for the defendant urged, in mitigation of damages, the great loss he had sustained in consequence of the breaking of his arm.—The Under Sheriff said he came off very well, for if the plaintiff had killed him he would not have been legally answerable for it. — The Jury gave the plaintiff Thirty Pounds damages.

On the Wild Animals peculiar to Great Britain.

By a Correspondent.

THE FOPPE,

OTHERWISE called the *fop*, or *petit-maitre* of the French naturalists, is an animal which does not appear to be a native of this country, although it now abounds with them. As far as I can trace its history, it has migrated from France, probably a great many years ago, and is, I am told, to be seen in most countries in Europe, but the species has increased here far more than in any other. Its nature leads it to avoid excessive heat and cold, and therefore it increases most in large towns, where the degrees of heat and cold may be moderated by artificial means.

This animal has some resemblance, though rather faint, to the human shape, but its legs are longer, and its general figure far more slim and taper, rising gradually to its head, which very seldom resembles that of the human, the neck and throat being a continuation of the breast, into which the head is inserted as a ball into a socket. Its voice is shrill, and scarcely articulate, but its notes are so well known, as scarcely to deceive any body. It is perfectly harmless, unless by the disagreeable noise it makes, even in the wildest state; and when troublesome by its cries and gabbling, may be quieted in a moment by the sight of a cane. It abounds, however, in tricks and mischief, like the apes, which sometimes frighten women and children, but it has none of the docility of the ape, nor of its cunning. It feeds very gently, avoiding strong food and liquors, and living mostly on slops, and little things which it picks up at every table. Why it has been so long domesticated, I know not, probably from sympathy with its helpless situation; but there are few families of rank or opulence without one of them; and even the lower orders have a spurious breed, which I at first took for a distinct species, but upon closer examination, found to be only a bastard kind, differing principally in its coat, and having less of the yellow stuff in its pouch.

This animal is not long lived; whether the soil which produces it is not sufficient to provide for it in more mature age, as the soil of France used to do, even to longevity, I am not able to determine, but it either dies about the age of four and five and twenty, or degenerates into an animal of a very different species, called a *sloven*, on which change it loses all its former characteristics. It has been said, that the women are very fond of the *foppe*, and even admit them to their toilets, but this, I hope, is untrue.

There is one very great singularity about this animal, which is, its fondness for being in places of public amusement; but this is not

a mark

a mark of its curiosity or taste, for it never seems to attend to any thing but itself, and if it meets with one of its own species, they chatter and gabble so loud and offensively, that it is often necessary to turn them out, which is never a matter of great difficulty, as the sight of a cudgel or whip would disperse a whole herd of them.

There is, perhaps, a yet greater singularity in this animal, which is, that it never breeds. I have never seen any but males, a circumstance I am utterly at a loss to account for, unless by supposing that it is like the mule; an animal produced by two different animals, and different from both. Some very able naturalists pretend, indeed, to have discovered female *fops*, but they are obviously of another class, about which I shall speak hereafter.

It is to be observed, that since the number of *fops* increased in this country, they have come much sooner to perfection, than they did some years ago. It is not uncommon now to see a perfect *fop*, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, and as wild and as mischievous as they were formerly at twenty-one. This we ought not to be very much surprised at, because little or no pains are taken to curb them, and without that, they naturally acquire a greater degree of wildness, sometimes approaching to ferocity. Generally speaking, it is good-humoured, though its grin is very frightful,

I have dissected some of these animals, but without any remarkable appearances. In all of them there were few brains, and little or no heart; circumstances which easily account for their strange habits and tricks.

J. J. B.

Opening and Proceedings of the Dilettanti, or Pic-Nic Society.

In our last Number, page 344, we gave an account of the origin, and all the arguments for and against this new institution, previous to the commencement of their operations. The following sketch of the proceedings of the two first nights, we presume, may exhibit a tolerable specimen of what these actors, in high life, may be able to produce.

THE Pic-Nic Society, on Monday night, March 13, held their first General Meeting, in Tottenham-street.—The play was to have been *The Spanish Barber*, in French; but Parisot having refused to perform, the entertainments were necessarily changed to a Prologue and Epilogue (the former by Mr. H. Greville), to two French Proverbs, and a translation from *The Bedlamites*. The plot of this turns upon the folly of a nobleman, who supposes he is a Poet, but whose brain is so barren, that he cannot produce a single line in favour of his mistress, without the assistance of an indigent son of the Muses; and the joke lies in the delusion of the noble *soi-disant* Poet, who fancies he writes what is artfully suggested to him. The company was not numerous, though three hundred cards were issued. The entertainments were followed by a supper.

What drove the company away (between two and three o'clock), was an attempt at Catches and Glees, executed with the worst effect imaginable; Messrs. Maddocks and Greville were the only singers amongst the amateurs—the Colonel possesses what is called *a Gentleman's voice!* A Frenchman presided at the harpsichord. What seemed to give the most offence was, three Frenchmen, dressed in womens

womens' clothes, attempting to pourtray the levity of the female character, the affectation of their manners, and the absurdity of their conduct, in high as well as low life.

When the divertisement was over, Colonel Greville came forward, to apologise for the indifferent manner in which the company had been that night entertained; but he promised, that on Monday se'nnight things would be got up in better stile. The Colonel next read a paper, which he said had been sent to him by Mr. Sheridan, the purport of which was, that the Proprietors of Drury-lane Theatre had consented to withdraw all opposition, provided the performances were confined to *ten* nights, and that no professional men were engaged.

A *Pic-Nic* Supper consists of a variety of dishes. The Subscribers to the entertainment have a bill of fare presented to them, with a number against each dish. The lot which he draws obliges him to furnish the dish marked against it, which he either takes with him in his carriage, or sends by a servant. The proper variety is preserved by the talents of the *Maitre d'Hotel*, who forms the bill of fare.

The Pic-Nic.

The second Meeting of Subscribers was on Monday night, the 5th of April; the Theatre was well filled, and the performance went off with great *éclat* and success. The amusements of the evening were introduced by a Prologue, spoken by the Hon. Mr. Lambe, which turned upon the many fabrications and ridiculous stories invented to run down the innocent amusements of a select society of persons of fashion, and scandalising the motives of those who were the promoters of it. It entered into a humourous comparison of the little stage of the Tottenham Theatre, and the great pile of building of Old Drury, and asserted the privilege of individuals to amuse themselves as they please, while they kept within the bounds of law and decorum. A French proverb, called, "*Le Fou Raisonnable*," was performed, and General Arabin, in the character of *Lord Ogleby*, delivered an Essay on Taste, written by the late David Garrick, Esq. In the course of the evening, Mr. Angelo was introduced as a *Lady Pentweazle*, and afforded much mirth. Catches and Glees, and a supper, closed the evening's amusement.

A Spirited English Female.

The following circumstance is said to have occurred at the Theatre at Paris—

During the performance, Lady Cahir was very free in conversation, to the annoyance of some neighbouring rich contractors and their ladies, who insisting on decorum, sent a police officer to order silence. Her ladyship did not brook his rebuke, and refusing to obey his injunctions, he was proceeding to hand her out, not knowing who she was. A bustle arose in her box, which attracting observation, her ladyship addressed the audience, and complained to them, saying, she came from a land of liberty, to a country, as she supposed, of freedom, and that the proceedings now against her were worse than if the Bastile still existed. The audience took fire in a moment, loudly applauded her, and espoused her cause so warmly, that she took her seat again in triumph, and is now considered as privileged to talk as she pleases.

The

The LIFE, ADVENTURES, *and* OPINIONS, *of* COL. GEORGE HANGER.

[Continued from page 327, of last Vol.]

IT was agreed between Tarleton and me, before he returned to England from his friendly visit to me at Calais, that I should not return to London until I had heard from him and Mr. Tattersall after his arrival there. In about ten days I received letters, and took my passage in the next packet for Dover, and arrived at my old friend Tattersall's house, Hyde-Park Corner, where I was received with the truest friendship, and remained under his hospitable roof for near a twelvemonth afterwards. I here held a consultation with my lawyers, when they were of opinion, from the securities I had given, before my departure from England, for every farthing I owed, that I could not be cast in any action by which I might be arrested: however, to make things more secure, my lawyers were prepared to plead the statute of limitations. I knew not then what that statute meant; but I do now most thoroughly; and I hold it disgraceful for any man to plead that statute to evade the payment of just debts; but not in my case, plundered and stripped as I had been, and brought in debt by those who were the cause of my ruin, by compelling a sale of my estate, the particulars of which I have already related, from the unfortunate death of my agent, Mr Wyatt, who, had he lived, would have prevented all my misfortunes. While he lived, they could not have foreclosed the mortgage on my estate; and I should have been worth ten thousand pounds, instead of being beggared and ruined. It is not for me to comment on the propriety or impropriety of my own conduct: I relate the facts; and let the world judge me. From Tattersall's house I sallied into the world, and in a short time was arrested for between seven and eight hundred pounds. This was all that was against me. Old Mr. Richard, and his son Edmund, (now my friend, the present Mr. Tattersall,) were my constant bail.

I brought the actions into court; and, the first cause I tried, the jury never left the box, nor even consulted together for more than a couple of minutes, and gave a verdict for me: after which, all the rest withdrew their actions, of which, I believe, there were nine or ten.

My lawyers being prepared with the statute of limitations, as the great salvo of all, was of no material benefit to me; for the whole world knows that a jury (especially of tradesmen) will never permit any statute to be pleaded to bias their judgment, when they perceived a direct intent of the person to defraud a just creditor; but mine was a very different case. After I had been ruined and robbed of my estate, and plundered of my whole property, these creditors of mine were not satisfied, without endeavouring to confine my body in a gaol. Thus, by compelling a sale of my estate before a Master in Chancery, from the unfortunate decease of my friend, Mr. Wyatt, at a time when land was fallen full one-third in value, I was undone; and, instead of being worth ten thousand pounds, was made eight hundred pounds worse than nothing. I had now to begin the world again, after having served my country faithfully seven years. Had I not gone to America, I should

should have kept my estate to this moment; for, while I remained in England, my creditors could not have forced a sale.

The summer after I came to England, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales did me the honour to take me down with him to Brighton. I never shall forget the two or three first seasons I had the honour of being with him there. In all my days before and since, I never passed my time more agreeably, or with greater happiness; they were indeed the pleasantest days of my life. I had good health, good spirits; was not in debt; and had no earthly care whatever to distract my mind. But, of late years, how has fortune frowned upon me!

If I were not to acknowledge the obligations I owe to the Prince of Wales, I should be worse than ungrateful; I should be the basest of men. In affluence, in poverty, at liberty, and when in prison, his kindness to me has never varied: but for one action beyond all others, I am truly indebted to him; when a prisoner, and deprived of the power of vindicating myself in public circles; where the ever-busy tongue of calumny tried to strip me of the only wealth I possessed, my character, as an officer and a gentleman; he nobly came forward, pledging himself to the falsehood of the assertion, and stemmed the tide of public calumny, until justice and the law of the land proved the baseness of the aspersion, and covered my enemies with shame. For above sixteen years I have had the honour of his protection and acquaintance: it is hard, indeed, if I did not know him in so long a period of time, when I have viewed him in every stage, in health, on the bed of sickness, in convivial and in serious hours. This Prince is but little known to the world at large, who judge of him from report only. What is common report, but a common prostitute? To make her the standard of truth, is as erroneous as to make the cameleon the standard of colour. A day shall come, vipers, when ye shall be compelled to swallow the poison you here spit forth. By my honour, and the sacred love and reverence I bear to truth, I am not induced to speak of him from his dignified station in life; I speak not of him as being Prince of Wales. Where he an ensign on half-pay, with no other support than that scanty pittance, or a clergyman serving three churches for forty pounds a year—two situations most deplorable, and the least to be envied in life—I would select him, above all mankind, for a companion and friend; and by his judgment I would be guided in the most weighty and intricate concerns. His enemies even acknowledge that he is the most accomplished and best-bred gentleman of the age; a master of languages, and an elegant classical scholar—three distinguished qualities rarely to be met with in one man.

The year I came to England, the contested election for Westminster (Fox, Hood, and Wray, candidates) took place. The walking travellers, Spillard and Steward, the Abyssinian Bruce, who has feasted on steaks cut from the rump of a living ox; and various others, who, in their extensive travels, have encountered wild beasts, serpents, and crocodiles, breakfasted and toasted muffins at the mouth of a volcano—whom hunger have, with joy, compelled to banquet on the leavings of a lion or a tiger, or the carcase of a dead

alligator

alligator—who can boast of smoking the pipe of peace with the Little Carpenter and the Mad Dog—and lived on terms of the strictest intimacy with the Cherokees, the Chickesaws, and Chuctaws, and with all the *aws* and *ees* of that immense Continent—who, from the more temperate shore of the Mississipi, have extended their course to the burning soil of India, and to the banks of the Ganges—from the frozen north European seas to the banks of the temperate and more genial Po—may boast their worldly experience and knowledge of human life—but no one, in my humble opinion, has seen *real life*, or can know it, unless he has taken an active part in a contested election for Westminster. In no school can a man be taught a better lesson of human life than at a contested Westminster election: there can he view human nature in her basest attire; riot, murder, and drunkenness are the order of the day, and bribery and perjury walk hand in hand; for men, who had no pretensions to vote, were as plenty to be found in the Garden as turnips, who, at a very moderate rate, were induced to poll. A gentleman, to make himself of any considerable use to either party, must possess a number of engaging, familiar, and condescending qualities: he must help a porter up with his load, shake hands with a fishwoman, pull his hat off to an oyster-wench. kiss a ballad-singer, and be familiar with a beggar. If, in addition to these amiable good qualities, he is a tolerable good boxer, can play a good stick, and in the evening drink a pail-full of all sorts of liquors, in going the rounds to solicit voters at their various clubs, then, indeed, he is a most highly finished and useful agent.—In all the above accomplishments and sciences, except drinking, which I never was fond of, I have the vanity to believe that I arrived nearer to perfection than any of my rivals.

I should be ungrateful, indeed, if I did not testify my thanks to those gallant troops of high rank and distinguished fame, the knights of the strap, and the black-diamond knights*, who displayed so much bravery and attachment to our cause. By my soul, they are higher in my estimation than all the knights in Christendom together, not excepting even the Knights of Malta, with Quixote Paul at their head. At that time I formed a great intimacy with them, which has continued to this day between us, for I never forget my old acquaintances whenever I meet them, nor look upon my *old* friends with *a new face*, which is too much, in general, the custom of the world. We have shaken hands and drank together frequently since the time of our active services; and I trust I shall live to taste many a good pot more of brown stout with them: I will ever acknowledge their gallantry and honest attachment.

I was eye-witness to a very singular circumstance, which if I did not relate, I should be a very unfaithful historian:—When the numbers for Lord John Townshend began to increase rapidly on the poll, the adverse party, to delay our polling so many in the day, substituted a device to delay our exertions, and to lessen the numbers on the poll-book, and insisted that every man who came to vote should take the test-oath. The celebrated Edmund Burke, of pensioned memory, came before the hustings to give his vote, accompanied with

* The Irish chairman and coal-heavers.

Peter Delmé, Esq. when the poll-clerk for the opposite party informed Mr. Burke, that he had positive orders not to permit any person's name whatever to be entered on the books, unless they had taken the test-oath. Mr. Burke began to expatiate with him on the subject, presuming, that, as he was a Member of Parliament, he would not insist on his taking the test-oath. But the clerk was positive, and Mr. Delmé made no objection, though he also was in Parliament, took the test-oath, and accordingly gave his vote. But when the clerk offered Mr. Burke the Testament, Mr. Burke, with an indignant look, and a rage not to be described, snatched the book out of the clerk's hands, and threw it at his head; then walked indignantly away, muttering his resentment, but without giving his vote. I do not mean, by this narrative of simple facts, in the smallest degree, to imply any thing more than that Edmund Burke was very shy of the Testament on that occasion.

I beg it may be well understood, before I proceed with remarks on the Westminster elections, that it is very far from my intent to sing a recantation of my own actions; but, after years of cool reflexion, I reflect with horror, that the capital should have been so convulsed for four or five weeks, by the faction of two parties contending for power. I trust I shall live to see the time that all elections will finish in one day, and the votes taken parochially, which would effectually prevent riot and perjury, and many other inferior crimes which at present are committed at all elections. Fine speeches every day were delivered from the hustings, endeavouring to impress the minds of the people with the freedom of elections, and how disinterestedly both parties acted for the public good, for the liberty of the people, and freedom of the nation.

I am bound in honour to render justice to each party for the striking proofs they gave of the sincerity of their professions; as it must be admitted, that they manifested it to an eminent degree by the freedom they displayed in breaking each other's heads. Of that species of liberty each were abundantly lavish.

At present I must conclude the subject of Westminster elections; but, in my third volume, it is my intent to treat more at large on that and on all other elections.

Bull-Baiting.

ASSAULT AND BATTERY.

On Friday, April 9, a respectable bookseller in this metropolis, was summoned by an author for One Pound Fifteen Shillings, part of payment for a pamphlet, entitled "*Bull-Baiting Considered*," which he had written against Bull-Baiting, a sum which the bookseller admitted was his due, but from the violent and brutal conduct of the author ever since he had any thing to do with him, he complained that his house had been one continued scene of confusion. The author contended, that having often called for his money, which the bookseller refused to pay him, he had been abused both by him and his shopman. The bookseller then complained, that the author had knocked his shopman down in his shop, and tumbled several hundred volumes upon him, just brought in from a sale; for which, as the

man

man had brought an action against him, he only withheld the sum due, that in case of the author's being cast, that trifle might go to recompence the injuries the shopman had received. This plea, however, was totally rejected by the Commissioners, who refused to take any cognizance of what had passed between the author and the shopman, and as they ordered the bookseller to pay the demand of One Pound Fifteen Shillings, the *Champion of Bulls* walked off in triumph.

Bull-Baiting.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

YOUR insertion of the extract from Doctor Barry's Sermon against the practice of baiting two Bulls on every St. Thomas's Day, in the market-place of the town of Wokingham, in Berkshire, as well as the Letter of the Rev. W. Bremner, Perpetual Curate of the parish, lay claim to the thanks of every humane reader to whom the subject now becomes perfectly understood by your recent communication. The discussion having been thus publicly entered upon by gentlemen, whose endeavours in the cause of humanity reflect additional lustre upon the distinguished characters they sustain, it cannot require much apology from me, that I feel a little inclined (if not fully privileged) to solicit from you permission to add, such trifling exertions on the part of an individual, as may, it is anxiously to be hoped, though not expected, assist in bringing into disrepute, if not totally abolish, the most infernal and cruel practice that ever entered the heart of man, under an idea of Sporting mirth to the multitude. Without adverting to, or much enlarging upon, the "hellish practice" of the "sport" itself, I shall proceed to remark upon the effect it evidently produces, with the rising offspring of the lower classes, in the very town where this *cursed* and *shameful* custom has been so long established.

Let the reflecting mind indulge one moment in rumination upon the dreadful scene, and the awful preparation. On a day when every well-informed mind, and duly disposed heart, must feel inclined to follow the dictates of religious inculcation; when a certain impressive silence pervades the whole; when the religious, the aged, and the infirm, await the signal by which they are summoned to receive every comfort and consolation from clerical benediction, it must be to all good hearts a mortifying circumstance, that the very bell which tolls to bring the moral and religious part of the inhabitants to their duty in the church, is also the signal for bringing the first Bull (a poor inoffensive animal) to the stake. Incredible it must seem to those, who have never witnessed the cruelty of the scene, to be informed, that this very stake is fixed in the centre of the market-place, in a town only twelve miles from the seat of Majesty, and no more than thirty from the most enlightened metropolis in the universe. Previous to the commencement of what is termed "the sport," when "every heart beats high with the coming joy," not a window, but is crowded with women and children; not a street or an avenue but is crowded with *brutes*, the very scum and refuse of society from every part of the surrounding country. Not at all disposed to "harrow up the feelings"

ings" of the more humane, by a recital of the cruelties in annual practice, by advertising prizes for the best bull-dogs, thereby inducing their owners to bring them the greater distances, that the destined victim may not die *too easy a death;* the *lighting fires* under the belly of the animal, to prevent his laying down when the utmost powers of nature are quite exhausted; the incessant twistings of the tail, even to frequent dislocation, with a long list of inventions equally horrible, and equally to be abhorred, only tend to strengthen the argument in demonstrating most incontrovertibly the dreadful effect such scenes (exultingly enjoyed) must have upon the feelings of the rising generation; which are by such means lulled to an apathy, and rendered totally callous to every sensation of tenderness and humanity, even in the very hour of infantine initiation.

Having taken a superficial survey of its effect upon the minds and morals of the younger branches of the honourable Society of Bull-Baiters, I shall beg permission to add a few remarks upon its operation with the infatuated parents, who (slaves to custom from their childhood) abandon the beaten track of industry and certainty of compensation, to engage in a continued scene of the most unrelenting *cruelty, riot, blasphemy,* and *intoxication*; and under what pretence? To receive, after the loss of two or three days time and labour, a piece of bull beef, of perhaps the value of eighteen-pence; to obtain which, five or six times the sum in liquor, time, and loss of labour, has been expended. Having presumed to obtrude thus much upon you, in addition to the zealous endeavours of Doctor Barry and the Rev. Mr. Bromner, it may not be inapplicable to state, that this "charitable donation of Geo. Staverton" to the Poor of the parish of Wokingham," was in fact no more than an act of the most inveterate and unqualified resentment; for having been himself alarmed, and most pusillanimously terrified by a farmer's bull, from whom he took refuge in a tree, and from which he dare not descend till four o'clock the following morning, he bequeathed a messuage, in the town of Stanes, for the purpose of perpetuating his own mortification, and the annual suffering of a bull, to the end of time. In full approbation and confirmation of which *humane donation*, the Churchwardens and Overseers *liberally*, and *most mercifully*, add another for the afternoon's *amusement*; at the termination of which, a scene of nocturnal wickedness ensues, that may be much better conceived than described. If this should be thought worthy insertion, you shall hear again from your constant reader and humble servant,

April 5, 1802. BENEVOLUS.

ENTERTAINING REMARKS
Upon the Origin and Use of WHEEL-CARRIAGES.

[By Joseph Moser, Esq.]

AMONG the many convenient, comfortable, and elegant appendages of distinction, which, in this tasteful age, that fickle and fascinating goddess, Fashion, has introduced, which luxury hath adopted, and genius improved, there is, perhaps, no art which has been cultivated with more assiduity, or under the influence of unbounded opulence, been carried to a greater degree of perfection, than

than that by which the labour of removing the human body, is transferred from our own limbs to those of horses; by the means of which, we can, with no other trouble than that of seeking for an expert *flogger*, seat ourselves in our vehicles in a state of perfect composure; and bidding defiance to the effects of wind and weather, sleeping or waking, be conveyed from one place to another, as our pleasure, our interest, or our inclination, prompts us.

My readers will, by my manner of opening, to borrow an expression from the Bar, discover that I purpose, in the first part of this tract, to turn their attention to those splendid carriages, which every day ornament our streets, squares, and public places; and I am sure they will not think me totally devoid of taste, and, consequently, not totally unqualified for the task which I have undertaken, when I inform them that I have frequently been led, by my ardent admiration of a brilliant equipage, into the imminent danger of being run over by it, which naturally introduces an observation so very obvious, that I wonder it has not been more frequently made, viz. that there seems something grand, and even classical, in the celerity with which our wheel-carriages rattle over the pavement. How often do we see the phæton, or curricle, of a youth of fashion, whirling along the street with the rapidity of the vehicle of one of the competitors at the Olympic games, making the poor pedestrians fly on every side, as if dispersed by a Carthagenian chariot, whose wheels were armed with scythes. How often does a lovely Miss from the city, fly to the court end of the town: mounting in the Poultry, how often has she distanced every carriage before she reached St. Paul's; smacked her whip at the trunk-maker's, and lashing her horses, whirled round the church, descended Ludgate-hill, flew along Fleet-street, steered through the still narrow pass of St. Clement's, and bowled along the Strand, Hay-market, and Piccadilly, till she arrived at her milliner's in Bond-street, whither she was bound, in pursuit of a hat and feather.

It has been said that the poor are so numerous, that they are likely to over-run the rich; but I by no means believe this to be true. The world, or, to contract the idea, the metropolis, is certainly wide enough for every one, whether on horseback, or on foot; whether blazing in a chariot gilt to the edge of the wheels, or galloping through the ruins with a dust cart and a donkey. In fact, the poor, the middle, and indeed every rank, from a chimney-sweeper to a peer, from a pedlar to a director, seem to shew a laudable inclination to avoid dirty ways, and mechanically exalt themselves by every possible means; and, from this general desire, proceed the avidity with which we seize every opportunity to step into that distinguishing appendage of opulence, a carriage; which emulative propensity has certainly been the parent of the whole species, beginning with the ass cart, and ascending, by regular gradation, to the jockey cart, the taxed cart, the jaunting car, the chair, the chaise, the tim-whiskey, the tandem, the curricle, the phæton, the chariot, the berlin, the landau, the coach, the sociable, the *vis-à-vis*, and so up to the state coach.

Since I have turned my thoughts towards these moveable machines, I have endeavoured to obtain all the information I could on the subject,

subject, by consulting Fitz Stephens Stow, and several other of our civic historians, with the laudable intention of tracing their rise and progress, in order to have joined my lamentation to those which must arise from the acute feelings of my fashionable readers, for the inconvenience to which our ancestors must have been subject, when they were generally obliged to make use of their own legs. I might, indeed, have suffered my thoughts to range in a much more wide and ample field for speculation; and, with very little labour, have composed a description of the chariots of war, the race chariots, and triumphal cars of the ancients; in which, I might have demanded the assistance of Homer, have described the chariot in which Alexander entered the city of Babylon, the Circensian sports, the decemjugis of Nero, the car from which Bonduca harangued the Britons, the enamelled *vis-à-vis* of Pharamond the Great, and a hundred others; but I considered, the more time, paper and ink, which I wasted upon remote antiquity, the more I endeavoured to direct the light of my disquisitive lamp toward the darkness of the middle ages, the less of the former I should have to bestow upon my elegant cotemporaries, to whom I am so sincerely devoted; and, with respect to the latter, if I had attempted to disperse the gloom, which in the period alluded to, pervaded this island, I should, as the proverb says, "have only had my labour for my pains," as the clearing away the mist of monachism would only have discovered that I should have had as much difficulty to have met with an ideal carriage, in order to have pursued my subject, as has frequently occupied to my readers, when they have wanted the same real convenience on a rainy night.

To state the truth, of old time coaches were unknown in this kingdom. The honour of their invention (or rather of their improvement, for if the matter was thoroughly investigated, it would appear they had only added a ruffle to the shirt) is claimed by, and is generally allowed, to our ingenious neighbours, the French; yet even among them, they are not pretended to be of remote antiquity, being only coeval with the dawn of the polite arts and polite literature, the reign of Francis the First, when there were no more than two coaches in Paris: one, that of the King, and the other, that of Diana, natural daughter of Henry the Second. The first courtier that had one, was Jean de Laval, Le Bois Dauphin, (the French Falstaff) whose bulk was so enormous, that he was incapable of travelling on horseback. With us, the first chariot, or whirlicot, (which was a wheel-carriage not near so elegant as a taxed cart) that appears upon the historical course, was one that Richard the Second ordered the surveyor of his works, to have erected for his mother: the reason assigned for it is curious, because "she was old and weak." That Richard was not one of the wisest of the descendants of the conqueror at Cressy and Poitiers, is pretty generally allowed; and, if his folly wanted confirmation, the absurdity of his troubling his head about his mother for no better reason than because "she was old and weak," will certainly operate to its fullest extent, upon the minds of the youth of the present day. "Such an old woman," they may say, "would certainly have been better by her own fire-side, than riding in

this

this clumsy, aukward, unfashionable machine to Mile-End, (as we learn from Stow she did) "attended by her aforesaid son, and many of the Nobility on horseback."

Be this as it may, the chariot or whirlicot, either owing to the badness of the roads, or the clumsiness of its construction, was, notwithstanding the royal patronage, far from becoming a general fashion; for Ann, of Bohemia, who from her youth was termed the *little Queen*, the wife of Richard, introduced the custom of riding on side-saddles; (my lovely countrywomen having till then sat astride, which practice is not entirely worn out among the lower orders of females in the principality and remote parts of the island) and that mode, of which the leader was a person of such high rank, being generally approved, has, with the exception I have hinted, been continued to this time.

As the ladies, in the age I have been alluding to; and, indeed, several preceding and succeeding it, went a visiting, shopping, and to public shows and exhibitions on horseback, that animal was also the general mode by which gentlemen, particularly the laity, chose to be conveyed. The clergy, as we learn from Hume, in his recital of the life of that very *obstinate* prelate, Becket, applied to mules to remove their bodies from one place to another. I think the two last vestiges which we have of the spiritual use that was made of this animal, is to be found, first, in the celebrated picture in the gallery in Windsor Castle, of the meeting of the two Kings, Francis I. and Henry VIII. in the vale between *Guynes* and *Arde*; there Cardinal Wolsey is represented riding upon a mule sumptuously arrayed; and, secondly, in the description which Griffith gives of the same prelate, after his fall, (in the play of Henry VIII.) a description which leads us to forget the faults of the haughty, ambitious Minister, in our compassion for an old man broken with the storms of fate—

> "Who fell sick suddenly, and grew so
> "ill,
> "He could not sit his *mule*."

With respect to wheel-carriages, from which I have a little digressed, it is necessary to observe, that our historians are silent, until the reign of Mary I. when a vehicle, called a Landau, from the place where it was invented, became the fashion. This machine, in its original construction, was exactly similar to that which we term a caravan; or, perhaps, with greater propriety, an errand-cart: and, I remember to have read, that when Queen Elizabeth visited Shrewsbury, she was said to have entered the town in a waggon; but it was certainly in a carriage of this description that she performed her journey. It appears that this vehicle was the forerunner of fuch an abundance of coaches and chariots, that, to use the words of Stow, "They are now so common, that there is no distinction of time, nor difference of persons, observed by the possessors of them, for the world runs upon wheels with many whose parents were glad to go on foot."

If this worthy old citizen were now living to see the number of coaches, chariots, post-chaises, vis-à-vis, sociables, gigs, curricles, sulkies, buggies, muddies, and nondescripts, which are frequently

mingled together in our crowded streets, and could have been apprised of the *steps* by which many of the fortunate possessors ascended those vehicles, he would indeed have had reason to animadvert upon them.

One man rises upon a lottery ticket, another upon a lucky speculation; hundreds by being rogues in *grain*. Some have been known to impel their wheels to within a hair's breadth of the edge of a precipice, and yet, by dexterously managing the reins, check their horses in time. Some, by driving too fast, or by endeavouring to *stop*, have met with *accidents*, and yet mounted again from *country banks*. Numbers drive out of the Stock-Exchange that walked into it, and *vice versa*. The turf has been thought as good as a block to assist the *knowing ones* to leap into a carriage. A gaming-table has, by *adepts*, ere now, been applied to the same use. Many obtain a chariot for a *song*. The beauty of one actress, and the conviviality of another, enables them to *gallop* through the town in great splendour. The faculty consider a carriage as the most favourable symptom *attending* their patients; when an apothecary mounts it, it is a *sign* that *things are in a good way*: and all agree that it enables them to *dispatch* buiness with greater celerity. The law has long since *determined*, that a *carriage* is indispensably necessary to the *ultimate execution* of justice. The clergy think it a proper resting-place for the weary and heavy laden. The commercial world are so fond of it, that they have lately *made* them of every kind of substance, particularly *the necessaries of life*: and, I believe, there is not a person but what is so fully convinced of its utility, that if the means could be as easily adduced as arguments for its *support*, we should not, in a few weeks, have a single pedestrian.

It is a general, and therefore a just opinion, that, when a man acquires a fortune by his abilities, successfully exerted in an honourable profession, or by the regularly accumulated profits of a fair trade, he deserves every distinction which opulence can bestow. If there were any satire in this tract, it certainly would not be against these that its arrows would be levelled; but it so happens in this commercial country, that there are anomalies in every puruit; persons, who, if they *start fair*, which is not always the case, *dash* across the *course*, and frequently *distance* their competitors who are only *backed* by prudence and industry. What a quack is to a member of a college, a methodist to an orthodox divine, the same is a speculator to a British merchant, a puffing shopkeeper to an honest tradesman. The illicit dealers, whether in law, physic, or divinity, whether in the liberal arts, or in commercial speculations, too frequently derive both consequence and credit from a carriage, which is not with them the *end*, but the means of wealth; and respecting which, as my readers may perhaps think, I have *run* my Parnassian gig strangely out of the road, I shall pull the *check-string*, give my horses *a bait*, and, in your next number, conclude my journey with that circumspection which the importance of my commission seems to demand.

MR.

Mr. Watson's Answer to "An Observer."

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine,

Cambridge, April 6, 1802.

GENTLEMEN,

ALTERCATION is at all times unpleasant, but it is more especially so, when the controversies of individuals on subjects which, as far as they regard the public, are of small importance, are industriously brought before the public eye. Being fully persuaded, that public altercation is much more calculated to disgust those before whom it is brought, than to interest them in the favour of either of the controvertists, it was with great reluctance that I took any notice of the virulent attack of Mr. Taplin; an attack, the direction of which was too obvious for any person to misunderstand, and to which, that which ought to prompt the actions of every honest man, a regard to character, and unwillingness to be robbed of public estimation, alone stimulated me to reply.

A defence of Mr. Taplin, or rather a fresh attack upon myself, having appeared in the last Number of your useful Magazine, the same motives which induced me to notice his advertisement in another advertisement, induce me also to make a few remarks upon the article in your publication; and when I assure you that my reply shall be as concise as circumstances will allow, and written merely with a view to refute falshood, I trust your impartiality will permit this likewise to appear in your publication.

It would be to no purpose, Gentlemen, for me to waste time in ascertaining who was the writer of the article I now reply to; the dates he brings forward in his letter (though brought for the purpose of misrepresentation, as will soon appear), prove clearly, either that the author is Mr. Taplin himself, or some confidential friend, who is, at least, acquainted with the chief transactions which have passed between Mr. Taplin and myself. But this I shall not dwell upon; what I have to say relates much less to the author than to his arguments and his statements.

First, for a few words respecting this Gentleman's logic. "This galenical drawcansir," says he, "by taking to himself the allusion, *absolutely confesses* himself the medical shark, the very necessitous adventurer so fairly described." Truly, Gentlemen, this is a curious deduction. According to this mode of reasoning, nothing else would be wanted to prove, that a man was a complete rascal, than to shew that he had been shamefully abused and traduced in language, which, without mentioning his name, had a manifest reference to him; and that he had common sense enough to see through the art and meanness of the calumniator. I need not say what havock would be made with character, if this kind of deduction were admitted; and I am sure no laboured arguments are necessary to prove the fallacy, not to say stupidity, of such perversions of reasoning

But to proceed to something of a more serious complexion. Mr. Taplin's advocate is not satisfied with a fair defence of his friend; but he mistakes his business, and attacks others by wholesale. The carriers, the inn-keepers, the game-keepers, the huntsmen, and others, who have thought proper (from trial) to testify their good opinion of my medicines, are, in fact, though not in so many words, held up to public odium as unprincipled

 scoundrels,

scoundrels, who unite in the business of imposing upon, and deceiving their fellow-countrymen for the sake of a paltry *bribe.* "Such *shifts*, such *invention*, such *artifice*, and such *low design*," would indeed disgrace any man, or body of men. But where must be the *liberality*, where must be the *modesty* of a man, who dare ascribe such pitiful motives, to several respectable men of whom he knows nothing? And what a deplorable cause must that be, which needs the aid of one apparently versed in the arts of misrepresentation to support it. Excuse me, Gentlemen, if I feel warmly on this point; I can bear personal ill treatment with patience, but to have one's *friends* scandalously abused, without cause, is surely enough to excite the sparks of indignation in every breast not totally divested of gratitude and feeling. It is a trite, but true remark, that those who have prepared themselves for one kind of disgraceful conduct, are by the same process prepared for another. This remark is verified in the present instance. Mr. Taplin's defender does not confine himself to the mere vilifying of the reputation of others, though that would be dirty work enough in a cause *less pure* and *clean*, than that of Mr. T's; but he strives to promote his object by *absolute falsehood.* "*Vague assertion*," as he observes, "is one thing, but *solid proof* another:" and so I hope to make it appear. "If," continues he, "these *petty cury* veterinarians, had ever prepared a *single ball* of even local celebrity, why make application to Mr. Taplin to become his agent for the sale of them in *Cambridge* and that district?" These are certain epithets, gentlemen, which it is generally reckoned ungenteel to apply to any man: I wish not, therefore, to make use of them; but just ask, if it be ungenteel to apply them, how much more so to *deserve* them. Let the following statement shew the propriety of this observation. On August 11, 1795, Mr. Taplin wrote to Mr. Watson, of Cambridge; not Mr. Watson to Mr. Taplin, as his advocate pretends; and in that letter, Mr Watson was *solicited by Mr. Taplin*, to become his agent, for Cambridge and its vicinity. He was not then informed, as he is now, that he was a "*little* druggist," "generated in *obscurity*," "dispensing his *halfpennyworths of Turner's cerate*, and *pennyworths of yellow basilican*, to his fellow rustics in the purlieus of a country town." No, No; the style was then different. "Encouraged by many gentlemen of the *University* and town, I presume to trouble you;" and, after speaking of the agent he then had, as in a "situation not *sufficiently conspicuous*," and "not calculated to give *popularity*," although one of the most respectable venders of advertised medicines in Cambridge, he goes on, "I am taught by *many* to believe, that were they in *your possession* (N. B. In the possession of the "*little* druggist," "generated in *obscurity*"), *great quantities* might be sold." The letter from which I have here extracted, and with no words marked for italics, but what Mr. T. marked himself, is now before me; and shall be willingly shewn to any gentleman who wishes to have occular demonstration of the false statements of Mr. Taplin's defender; or, to use his own words, it shall be shewn to any one who prefers, "SOLID PROOF," to "*vague conjecture.*"

After this specimen of the talents of your late Correspondent, in "analyzing and investigating the TRUTH, and *detecting* the *falsehood* of any assertion, made with a design

design to impose," it will be needless to infringe more upon your room, and the patience of your readers. After this exposure of egregious misrepresentation, and direct falsehood, it would be an insult to the common sense, and moral feelings of the readers of your Magazine, to suppose they would give credit to any of the assertions of "AN OBSERVER." I therefore decline saying more in reply to this writer, but abandon him to that just and severe castigation, which every one who has so shamefully violated the rules of liberality and truth, must experience, from the contempt of the public at large, and the accusation of his own conscience. I am, Sir, your's respectfully,

THOMAS WATSON.

SPORTING ANECDOTES.

JAMES the First preferred this amusement (hunting) the hawking or shooting *. One time, when he was on a hunting party near Bury St. Edmund's, he saw an opulent townsman, who had joined the chase, "very brave in his apparel, and so glittering and radiant, that he eclipsed all the Court." The King was desirous of knowing the name of this gay gentleman, and being informed by one of his followers, that it was *Lamme*, he facetiously replied, "*Lamb* call you him? I know not what kind of *lamb* he is, but I am sure he has got a *good fleece* upon his back."

In the middle ages, when beasts went together in companies, it was observed by sportsmen, that there was a *pride* of lions, a *lepe* of leopards, &c. It is well worthy of notice, this sort of phraseology was not confined to the brute creation, but was extended to the various ranks and professions of men, and often very expressively; viz. A *state* of princes; a *skulk* of friars; a *lying* of pardoners; a *multiplying* of husbands; an *incredibility* of cuckolds; a *safe-guard* of porters; a *blast* of hunters; a *draught* of butlers, a *melody*; a *poverty* of pipers; a *drunkenship* of coblers; a *superfluity* of nuns; a *non-patience* of wives; a *gagle* of women; and a *gagle* of geese.

Birds assembled in companies were frequently denominated with equal aptness; as for instance—a *murmuration* of starlings; an *exaltation* of larks; a *flight* of swallows; a *watch* of nightingales; and a *charm* of goldfinches.

* It is said of this Monarch, in Wellwood's Memoirs, that he divided his time betwixt his standish, his bottle, and his hunting; the last had his fair weather, the two former his dull and cloudy.

A CHANGE FROM THE CHASE TO THE CHURCH.

A New Parody of Shakspeare.

I Do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is lost to the world, when he dedicates his graces to the church, will, after he has laughed at such sober reveries in others, become the argument of his own jest, by putting on a black coat; and such a man is Claudia. I have known when there was no music with him but the horn and hounds; and now he had rather hear the organ and chimes. I have known when he would have walked ten miles a-foot to see a good boxing-match; and now he will lay ten hours awake setting a new text to an old sermon. He was wont to swear roundly, and to no purpose, like a soldier; and now he is turned orthodox, his words are a very composition of fines and moduses, to the end of the

the chapter May I be so japanned and wear a surplice? I cannot tell; I think not. I will no be sworn but the Bishop may translate me into a steeple, but till he has made a steeple of me, he shall never make me a curate. One parson is a philosopher; yet I am not: another is a fine old Grecian; yet I am not: another a star-gazer; yet I am not: and till all the sciences center in one living, one living shall not amalgamate with my condition. A fat one it shall be that's certain, land instead of tithe, or I'll not cheapen it: 'midst of the hunt, or I'll none: a good house, or I'll not reside: plenty of game, or come not near it: a genteel neighbourhood, and little duty: and the place?—in whatever county it may please the pigs.

Much Ado about Nothing,
Act II.

MR. JEFFERYS *and the* WOU'D-BE BARONET, SIR ROBERT MURRAY BROWN CLARKE.

The following Letter, Answer, and Reply, have appeared in most of the public prints this month.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR

IN consequence of having done my duty to myself and to the public, by endeavouring to defeat the schemes of persons of a very dangerous description, I have been threatened with a prosecution. This threat may have deterred others; but, conscious of the rectitude of my intentions, and confident of the grounds on which I have proceeded, so far from being deterred by this threat, I am roused into action. I defy those who menace me, and beg you will insert the following narrative respecting a pretended Baronet, who, acting under the protection of John King, is avowedly the principal partner in a new banking-house in Portland-place.

Robert William Lathropp is the son of Mrs. Lathropp, residing near St. John's Church, Westminster. He received an education at Westminster School, and was articled as a clerk to Mr. Charles Carpenter, solicitor, of King's-Arms yard, Coleman-street. He was afterwards in the Manx Fencibles, commanded by Lord —— Murray, quartered in the year 1797, at Londonderry in Ireland. He passed himself off as the near relation of many of the first families of this country, and prevailed upon a Miss Alicia Marshall, daughter of Mr. Marshall, a very respectable man at Derry, to accept his offer of marriage. The marriage was celebrated at Derry in the month of June, 1797, by Dr. Black, a most respectable dissenting clergyman, as is certified in a letter, in the possession of the Secretary of State from Dr. Black, dated in the present month, in which he says—" In the month of June, 1797, I celebrated the marriage contract between Captain Lathropp and Miss Alicia Marshall, according to the ceremonies prescribed by the Irish Presbyterian church. The marriage was performed with all due circumstances of publicity; and Alderman Leekey, at that time one of the representatives in Parliament for the city of Londonderry, was one of the witnesses. Some time after the marriage, Captain Lathropp took his wife with him to London, where, her little fortune being exhausted, he deserted her; in consequence of which, she returned to her family, and resides with them at this time in the city of Derry." The Doctor then says—" I fear this man's profligacy is unusually great, as, some time

time after his leaving Derry, he made proposals of marriage to an amiable young lady, the daughter of a very respectable family at Liverpool; but her mother hearing, by the merest accident, of his former marriage, wrote to me, and by that means saved her child from the dreadful ruin that hung over her." Dr. Black, the writer of the above letter, is a gentleman well known to many members of the House of Commons, and particularly to Mr. Alexander, the member for Londonderry.

When Captain Lathropp was in the Manx Fencibles at Derry, he fought two duels with his brother officers, one of them Colonel Peachy, the present member of Parliament for New Town, and another with Captain Anderson.

The colonel of the regiment was so frequently troubled with complaints of the irregularity of Captain Lathropp, and the constant tax upon the officers to make good his deficiencies at the mess, that he gave him leave of absence to go to London, to raise a sum of money sufficient to discharge such incumbrances, upon the condition of his leaving, in the hands of the colonel, the resignation of his commission; that in case he did not return at the expiration of the leave of absence, it might be sent into the War-Office. Lathropp did not return, and here ended his connection with the Manx Fencibles.

He then resided in London, at the Parliament-street Coffee-house, under the name of the Hon. Col. Wyndham, calling himself a near relation of the Earl of Egremont. He after that lodged at the house of Mr. Harris, a glover, in Berkeley-square, under the title of Sir George Murray, Bart. and represented himself to Mr. Harris as the near relation of the Duke of Athol, the Marquis of Lansdown, &c. &c. He ordered a curricle at that time, in the name of Sir George Murray, at Mr. Godsall's, in Long-Acre. He then laid down the title, and took the name of Wyndham Lathropp, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and said that he had been Aid-de-Camp to Sir R. Abercrombie, at the Helder, and in Ireland. Under that name, he lately came to my house, and left a card, "Lieutenant - Colonel Wyndham Lathropp, No. 14, Upper Seymour-street;" and left, at the same time, the acceptance of a young Nobleman for 200l. with a message, that he wished to take the value of it in plate. A message so extraordinary from a stranger, with some recollection of this man's name, and other circumstances, induced me to call upon Sir Richard Ford, to whom I expressed my suspicions, that the note was either a forgery, or, if not, that it was obtained by some misrepresentation from the Nobleman with whose name it was signed. It was settled, that I should write to Col. Lathropp, and introduce him to the acquaintance of Townshend and Macmanus, which was done the same evening, and they attended him to Bow-street; but the Nobleman not being in town, Sir Richard Ford permitted Lathropp to go home, upon leaving the note to be the subject of a future enquiry, and upon his promise to return in two days, which, in a letter to Sir Richard Ford, he declined doing, stating as his reason, a fear of being arrested. That Nobleman being since returned, I find, by a conversation with him, that the note was his hand-writing, but obtained by circumstances of great misrepresentation, as to the character of Lathropp. The note remained with me, Lathropp never sent for it, and I was happy in being able to save his Lordship from a

responsibility

responsibility for the sum of Two Hundred Pounds.

On the morning after the attendance at Bow-street, I received a note from Mr. John King, of Portland-place, requesting to see me upon the subject of the error I was in as to the character of his friend, Col. Lathropp; that he might interpose his friendly services of accommodation before matters had gone too far to be in any one's power to appease. To this letter I think the public will be of opinion, that I paid a proper attention in not returning any answer, and, in the course of the same day, I received another letter from Mr. John King, in which he laments, that I did not attend in time to his friendly hints in the morning; that I need not then give myself the trouble to call upon him, as it was too late for him to be of service.

I was also informed, at the same time, by a person who had seen King, that actions were to be brought against me, Sir Richard Ford, Townshend, and Macmanus. In a few days after this, the solicitude of Mr. King for the reputation of Col. Lathropp, was explained by the latter appearing with the title of Baronet, at the head of a firm in the banking-house, lately kept by King, in Portland-place, in the following circular proposals:

"BRITISH EXCHANGE BANK, PORTLAND PLACE.

"SIR ROBERT MURRAY BROWN CLARKE, LEVISON, PRESSCOTT, and Co.

"Beg leave to inform merchants, manufacturers, and warehousemen, that they have opened a banking-house, for the purpose of giving a general facility to the internal trade of the country, which it never yet has obtained, by granting acceptances, in sums of five pounds, or any greater sums as may be desired, on goods consigned to the house in London, and sent up by waggons, canals, or other safe modes of conveyance, in a manner similar to what has been long practised with goods and merchandises sent abroad.

"The manner of doing business will be nearly as follows:—Any manufacturer or other person at Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Liverpool, Glasgow, or other towns, who wishes to dispose of goods by selling them in London, must have them valued, and a fair invoice given, which he must forward to this house, with the receipt of the master of the waggon, stating, when the goods will be delivered in London, when, by inclosing the said invoice and receipt, the proprietor of the goods may draw at two months for two-thirds of the value of them.

"In every large town in England, a person will be appointed by the Bank to get the goods valued, and sign a paper to the following effect, which will be sent up to London at the time of drawing:—

"FORM OF WAGGONER'S RECEIPT.

"I *X. Y.* agent for the waggon, setting out from to the in London, acknowledged to have received one bale of goods marked A. M. N. No. 1, and directed to the house of Sir Robert Murray Brown Clarke, Prescott, Wilson, and Co. in London, where I engage to deliver said bale before the 20th of the present month.—10th March, 1802.

"The underneath to be signed by some person of known respectability.

"I, the undersigned, declare, that I have duly inspected the goods contained in the above bale, belonging to , and declare them to be worth the sum of One Hundred and Fifty Pounds.

"Manchester, 10th March, 1802."

This

This I conceived, from the knowledge of all the circumstances, to be made such use of as his discretion might direct; but my surprise at the extent and design of this banking scheme was not a little encreased, to see in the Gazette of April the 3d, the following notice:

"WHITEHALL, APRIL 1, 1802.

"The King has been pleased to grant unto Sir Robert Lathropp Murray, of Seymour-street, Portman Square, and of the Hermitage*, in the county of Berks, Baronet of North Britain, his Royal licence and authority, that he and his issue, by Katherine Clarke, his wife, only child and heir of Thomas Clarke, of Hailshan, in the county of Sussex, Esq. deceased, by Katherine his wife, daughter and sole heir of Richard Brown, late of Golden-square and Stamford-hill, both in the county of Middlesex, Esq. also deceased, may assume, take, and use, the surnames of Brown Clarke, and bear the arms of Brown and Clarke, out of respect to the memory of his said wife's father and grandfather; provided such arms be first duly exemplified, according to the laws of arms, and recorded in the Herald's Office; and also to order his Majesty's concession and declaration to be registered in the College of Arms."

This was evidently inserted to remove all doubts as to the claim of this man to a Baronetage; and, the Gazette being viewed as an authentic document, the admission of such a notice might (if undetected) have done, in the manufacturing towns, incalculable mischief.

I immediately gave information at the Secretary of State's office, and, after a delay of several days, the following notice was inserted in the Gazette, annulling the change of name, but in such a manner as to justify what Lathropp now asserts, that it was *at his own request*; no notice was taken of the false claim to a Baronetage, which Sir Isaac Heard knows, or ought to know, Lathropp has no more title to than to a Bishopric.

"SECRETARY OF STATE'S OFFICE, WHITEHALL, APRIL 13, 1802.

"His Majesty's warrant, allowing the person signing himself Robert Lathropp Murray, in his petition to his Majesty, delivered the 31st of last month, to assume the surnames of Brown Clarke, hath been cancelled, by his Majesty's command, and declared null and void."

The Secretary of State was also informed, that this person, who petitioned his Majesty to change his name, in consequence of his marriage with Miss Clarke, as alledged in his petition, had, previously, been legally married to Miss Marshall, at Londonderry, who is now living, and resides at that place with her friends.

After this statement, the public will judge whether I have acted wrong in the steps I have taken. The notice from the Gazette, of the Baronetage, was immediately printed, in a conspicuous manner, in the Coventry paper, with a design, no doubt, of procuring the custom of my constituents for the Exchange Bank, at the head of which is the person, sometimes Colonel Lathropp, sometimes Sir Robert

* Since his marriage with Miss Clarke, he has rented a house, called the Hermitage, at Old Windsor, ready furnished, for four months, and from which he dates his title: he was there, in his assumed character of Colonel Wyndham Lathropp, very hospitably and politely received by a respectable family of the name of Bonell, to whom he felt so attached, as to give out, in return for the civilities he received at one time, that he was the Nephew of Mrs. Bonell; and, at another, that he was her son.

Robert or Sir George Murray, who, while he is afraid of attending at Bow-street, for fear of being arrested, advertises to issue his acceptances for all goods sent as security to his Bank. "The Union Bank, in which John King was a partner," having ceased, the Exchange Bank is to supply its place, and agents are sent throughout the manufacturing towns to procure goods on its acceptances.

Under these circumstances, I lament that the Secretary of State did not, in the second notice in the Gazette, use some expressions to explain the character of Mr Lathropp, and to guard the public against him. It is, indeed, a pity that Mr. Lathropp, and others such have been so long at large; and I regret that the task of exposing him, and doing justice to the public, has been forced upon so humble an individual as I am.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

NATH. JEFFERYS.

Pall-Mall, No. 34,
April 15, 1802.

*** Mr. Harris, the seal-engraver, in Pall-Mall, engraved a seal for Sir Robert Lathropp Murray Brown Clarke, with superb supporters, and a coat of arms that would not have disgraced the most dignified of the Nobility, with ten quarters of the arms of different families, including the noble heraldry of the ancient families of Montague and Morthermer, borne by the Duke of Buccleugh.

SIR ROBERT MURRAY'S ANSWER.

MY baptism in Mary-le-bone, December 1777, will shew that my name was Robert Windham Felton Lathropp. The Baronetage of Murray came into the family in 1680, by the second brother of Murray, the then Baronet, marrying a Miss Lathropp, and assuming her name. I have regularly proved my title. I was in the suite of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and have my commission of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Royal Chasseurs, dated so early as 1792.

In February last, the noble Lord alluded to by Mr. Jefferys, begged me to get a bill of two hundred pounds discounted for him. I was informed that, Nathaniel Jefferys, of Pall-mall, was likely to do it; and I applied to him to change it. A gentleman, who formerly introduced me to a person that won seventeen thousand pounds of me at cards, and shared in the winnings, advised Mr. Jefferys to take me up for forgery. When Mr ——, of —— ——, the —— attended me to Mr. Jefferys, Mr. Macmanus and Mr. Townsend took us to Bow-street. I sent for the nobleman's attorney, Mr. Hall; he proved his Lordship's hand-writing, and we were dismissed. The fabricated statement against me, besides other falsehoods, says, that I excused myself from waiting on Sir Richard Ford, for fear of arrests. Let Sir Richard Ford produce that letter, and shew how little Mr. Jefferys's assertions are to be relied upon. I made no such excuse. I immediately employed Messrs. Fletcher and Wright to prosecute Jefferys; but this man would avert my intention, by bringing new accusations against me, no better founded than the other charge.

My mother is Ann Lathropp, of Westminster, in her Majesty's service: the lady of Ireland, whom I am said to have married at fifteen years old, IS NOT MY WIFE! It seems indelicate to bring a lady's name forward, but I am called upon to do it. I have no wife but her who was Katherine Clarke, and

and by her I am entitled to the fortunes of Brown and Clarke. My connexion with Miss Marshall was fully understood by the whole of the family to which I am now allied. Felton Hall, in Shropshire, is mine, where I have a freehold estate of more than two thousand pounds a year. I made my property clear to Mr. King, when I became purchaser of his bank, furniture, &c. and *he is totally out of the concern.*

Where are the relations of this injured lady, that Mr. Jefferys alone must be the champion in the cause? and where are those pretended documents of marriage? and why am I not prosecuted for Bigamy? He said the nobleman's name was forged, and kept the bill. That nobleman will come forward on the trial; and Mr. Jefferys will not be able, even with this second attack, to elude the punishment that awaits him.

ROBERT L. MURRAY.

Portland Place,
April 7, 1802.

⁂ The nobleman's name alluded to, and that of the gentleman who won the seventeen thousand pounds, are left at the Printing-office, and which, from delicacy, have been omitted in my appeal to public justice.

THE REPLY OF MR. JEFFERYS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IT was not my intention to have entered into any correspondence with the person calling himself Sir Robert Lathropp Murray Brown Clarke, Bart.; but, as the assertions in support of his pretended rank, in the papers of to-day, (in answer to my letter of Saturday) are so totally devoid of any thing like probability to support them, I shall consider myself excused in the opinion of the Public, from paying any attention, in future, to any thing he may advance.

I shall, therefore, without any other observations, merely answer his assertions of this day.

He says, his baptism was in 1777, and that he was a Lieutenant-Colonel in 1792; if so, it was at the early age of fifteen; but, instead of possessing the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in 1792, I have authority this day (afforded me by a very respectable clergyman) to say, that he did not leave school till 1793, and was, after that, clerk to an attorney.

He says, he was Lieutenant-Colonel in the Royal Chasseurs; but, at the War-Office, where they are likely to be well informed on such a subject, it appears, there never was a regiment so called in the British Army.

He says, he was in the suite of Sir Ralph Abercrombie; he never was belonging to the Staff of Sir Ralph—what he means by the suite I do not comprehend.

He says, his mother, Mrs. Ann Lathropp, is in the service of her Majesty.—Her name does not appear in the Court Calendar, in the list of her Household, nor is her name known to any body at Buckingham-house, where an enquiry has been made.

Lastly, he asserts he did not, in a letter to Sir R. Ford, say, that his reason for declining to attend at Bow-street, was a fear of being arrested; but if the word of that very respectable magistrate is to be credited, and no man will, I believe, dispute it, Mr. Lathropp did, in a letter to Sir Richard, give such a reason; and, as a proof that his fears were not without foundation, two Sheriff's Officers were, all the

 day,

day, waiting at Bow-street to arrest him.

I shall now, Sir, say no more upon the subject; a very unpleasant task has been forced upon me; and I am perfectly satisfied in the reflexion of having discharged what I conceived to be my duty. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

NATH. JEFFERYS.

Pall-Mall, April 19, 1802.

UNFAIR SPORTING.
A LAW CASE.

SHERIFF's COURT, APRIL 17.

BARRIFF *v.* HOLLAMBY.

THIS was an action which came before the Court as a writ of inquiry to assess damages; which the plaintiff claimed for the seduction of her daughter by the defendant. The plaintiff, Mrs. Theodosia Barriff, was widow of an officer who had distinguished himself in the American war, and the daughter of an American loyalist. At the end of that war, they came over to this country, and resided in the neighbourhood of Blackheath, and lived there for several years, in a genteel stile, on an annuity for their joint lives, of Four Hundred Pounds. Mr. Barriff died, about six years ago, leaving a wife and a daughter, then eleven years old. This young lady was well educated, and possessed of uncommon beauty and accomplishments. About two years and a half ago, he accompanied her mother to Ascot Heath races, where the defendant was introduced to them at the house of an acquaintance, where they resided during their excursion. The defendant paid very particular attention to Miss Barriff; and expressed a wish to be united to her in marriage. He afterwards visited her at her mother's house, and made proposals in form; to which the mother, who found his connexions respectable, and his prospects flattering, gave her conent. The courtship continued until last summer, when the day for the celebration of the nuptials was fixed upon. There being no suspicion of any dishonourable intention on the part of the defendant, it was not thought necessary to impose any restraint as to the intercourse between him and the young lady to whom he was so soon to be united. They went about to different places of public amusement, sometimes alone, and sometimes with their friends. In July last he invited Miss Barriff and her mother to accompany him with a party to Vauxhall. Mrs. Barriff being indisposed declined going, but her daughter went. The remainder of the case was stated by Miss Barriff herself, who twice fainted while she told her story. She said she accompanied the defendant in a coach to Westminster Bridge, from whence they proceeded in a boat to Vauxhall, where they met his party, none of whom she knew. About eleven o'clock they supped in a box. The defendant pressed her much to drink wine. Several of the company, consisting of ladies and gentlemen, became elevated, and drank her health as Mrs. Hollamby; her own spirits were raised, and she was persuaded to drink a glass of champaigne. Shortly after she was indisposed, and, wishing to retire, the defendant handed her into a carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive to Blackheath. She grew worse, and became totally insensible. When she recovered,

she

she perceived herself in a bed-chamber, with the defendant near her. She was conscious of her situation, and the outrage she had sustained! She swooned, and was a long time before she recovered. The defendant endeavoured to appease her; but she insisted on going home. He said, she could not go till morning, that her mother would not expect her, and that the marriage would take place on the day appointed. She consented to remain, on condition that he quitted the room. He did so, and she threw herself on the bed in a state of distraction and despair. The next morning she returned to her mother, and related all that had passed. It appeared, the house she had been in had been hired, and furnished by the defendant. He never afterwards came near her mother's house; but paid his addresses to a young lady of fortune in London. Mrs. Barriff waited on the father of this lady, and acquainted him with the dishonourable conduct of the defendant. In consequence of which he forbade his visits to his daughter.—The plaintiff then brought her action.

The Jury gave her a verdict, with One Thousand Pounds damages.

THE FEAST OF WIT; *or*, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

A Saw being stolen from the carpenter of an Indiaman, suspicions fell thick upon the captain's negro boy, who, on being taxed with the theft, roundly denied the charge. The captain, however, being in his own mind convinced of his guilt, ordered him a flogging, which being over, blacky determined to watch the carpenter, who, not being satisfied either with the loss of his saw, or the flogging of the boy, said to one of his messmates a few days after, "D—n this saw, it sticks in my gizzard now." The poor boy overhearing him, flew with rapture to the captain, and exclaimed, "Oh! massa, massa, the carpenter find him saw." "Where?" demanded the captain. "Oh! massa, him find it this very minute *in him gizzard!*"

Anecdote of Fletcher of Salton, related by Lord Hailes.—A footman of his desired to be dismissed. "Why do you leave me?" said he:—"Because, to say truth, I cannot bear your temper."—"To be sure, I am passionate, but my passion is no sooner *on* than it is *off*."—"Yes," replied the footman, "but then it is no sooner *off* than it is *on*."

A lady, whose husband had made strong objections to the large presents she frequently made the shepherd of a methodistical flock, being too ill to offer her usual compliment in person, and fearful that a letter might excite the curiosity of her lord, modestly begged he would permit her to present the Rev. Mr. W—— with a goose. He could not refuse so trifling a favour, and she inclosed a ten-pound note in the body of the bird. Mr. W—— was out of town, but his servant returned compliments

pliments and thanks. Conceiving the goose might spoil before his return, the cook resolved to enjoy it with her friends. In preparing it for the spit, the note was discovered wrapped in oil-skin; but as she had concealed the goose, she was bound to conceal the valuable prize. The lady recovered; and as the worthy pastor did not offer his usual thanks, she suspected some mistake, and ventured to ask how he liked his goose. The fraud was then detected; but as the lady feared the displeasure of her husband, and the preacher the public ridicule, both parties were compelled to endure the loss in silence.

A farmer lately went into a barber's shop, in Norwich, and while he was waiting to be shaved, the conversation turned upon the Definitive Treaty, which the farmer affirmed would never arrive. The hair-dresser warmly asserting the contrary, his political opponent had sufficient reliance upon his own foresight, to offer the hair-dresser two guineas to shave him, and find him with wigs till the treaty should come; agreeing, at the same time, to have but one wig in the year, and not to order the first for two months. The farmer threw down the gold, and the barber *shaved him*.

The following Whimsical List of the present Imperial Parliament, is in imitation of a play upon the names of the Nobility, and a list of a Grand Jury, given in the former Numbers of the Sporting Magazine.—A Man; a Wild Man; a Hard Man; a Honey Man; a Savage; a King; a Page; two Bastards; a Knight; a Major; two Clerks; a Bishop; an Abbot; three Taylors; seven Smiths; a Steward; two Butlers; a Baker; a Cook; a Gardener; a Fuller; a Porter; a Carter; a Cartwright; a Forrester; two Riders; two Turners; a Cooper; three Moors; a Buck; a Bullock; two Foxes; a Hare; and a Ram.——A Bird; a Rook; two Martins; a Heron; a Cock; and a Cricket.——A Temple; four Fanes; a Woodhouse; a Barn; three Heath Cots; a Birch; an Orchard; two Woods; a Honey Wood; three Pits; three Hills; a Hunting Field; two Long Fields; a Lake, and its Banks; two Brooks, and a Trench; two Lemons; two Roses, and a Garland.——A Bond; a Pen; a Comb; a Patten; and a Spencer.——Law; Power; Hope; a Price; a Hussey; a Shakespear; a Calender; a Little Town; a Moor's Head; two Scots; a New Bolt; a Brag; a Finch; a Crew; a Flooder; a Beach; a Serjeant; an East Court; a Monday; two Wall Poles; a Barn; a Burden; a Mill Bank; a Chamber; two Fellows; a Strut; a Warren; a Somerset; and a Dance.

The late Sir Toby Butler, an Irish Counsellor of great eminence, remarkable for his brouge, his wit, his honesty, and his slovenly appearance—one day in Court, the Judge, who was thought not to have been very *scrupulous*, said to him—"Sir Toby, your shirt is very dirty." "True, my Lord," said Sir Toby, holding up both fists, "but I have *clean hands!*"

A methodistical shoemaker, who lately lived at Kentish Town, did not choose to tell absolute falsehoods, he therefore contrived, as well as he could, to evade such as his profession occasionally compelled him to use. When he had cut out the leather for a pair of shoes, he laid it down upon the floor, and walked once or twice round it. If then asked by his customers whether he had done the shoes, he would truly answer, No!

"No! but *I have been about them.*"

A late Birmingham Gazette contains an advertisement for a female partner for life, with the following qualities: from thirty to forty years of age, free from incumbrance, that can advance any sum not less than One Thousand Pounds; such a lady, the gentleman says, may hear of a comfortable home, a good husband, and an industrious and truly honest man! This, by the bye, is no bad puff.—He is so sure of receiving applications, that he says none will be finally engaged till after the first day of May next, thus gallantly allowing the ladies one month for reflection.

About a fortnight ago, a company of strolling Players, on coming to Montrose, in Scotland, gave out, in their opening bills, the Comedy of the *West Indian*, with the *Devil to Pay.*—Their scenery not arriving from Aberdeen on the night of performance, the play was consequently put off for that evening; but in order that the public should have proper notice, the manager employed the town drummer, who (probably having been reading the accounts from St. Domingo) published it in the following terms:—"O Yes! O Yes! O Yes! I let ye to wit! that the Play Ackers skreens hae nae come forward frae Aberdeen, an' they canna perform this evening, but the Manager assures the public, that the morn's night there will be the *Devil to Pay* in the *West-Indies!*—God save the King!"

Curious Anecdote.—Some of our English sailors, passing by the house of M. Otto, and seeing, among other preparations for illumination, the word CONCORD, mistook the meaning, and read it CONQUER'D. On which some of them remarked, "they *conquer* us, they be d—d;" and immediately knocked at the door, and demanded the reason of their placing that word, which was explained, but to no purpose, and M. Otto, much to his credit, has actually ordered it to be taken down, and the word AMITY placed in its stead.

The following paragraph, in a Provincial Paper, has no relation whatever to Lord Hawkesbury and the *Definitive Treaty*:—"On Easter Sunday the Methodist Chapel, in *Pitt*-street, was opened by that celebrated preacher of the Gospel of *Peace*, Mr. Jenkinson, of *Liverpool.*

During the unhappy disturbances in Ireland, a poor ignorant fellow was tried for treason, in conspiring "to kill the King." The Counsel against him, in the midst of his fine florid harangue, chanced to repeat the law adage, that "the King never dies;" on which Teague roars out, "Uboboo! my Lord! and how can I be guilty?" His friends desired him to keep quiet, but he positively refused, with "Don't you hear what a bull that *tief* of the world makes? Why, oons and tunder, how can I *kill* a man that *never dies.*"

A tradesman, at the West end of the town, who has prepared a *fulsome compliment* on the front of his house to Lord Hawkesbury, lately asked a neighbour, whether he had seen his *device?* "No," answered the latter, "but I have seen your *design.*"

A *coach* full of sailors, and their girls, drove down Fleet-street, a few days ago, with great spirit, the company within singing, "There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft," which a *huge, ugly, old driver* on the box, very condescendingly construed as a compliment to himself.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE following is the most ridiculous wager we have ever yet heard of:—Two noble lords, well known on the turf, have agreed to run against each other, the first *windy day* on *Hampstead Heath.* The one is to wear *jack-boots* and to *run backwards*, against the other, who is to carry a large *umbrella* over his head, and to *run forwards.*—They are both to run against the wind.

Second Day of York Spring Meeting.—A foot race for one hundred guineas a side, will be run over Knavesmire, between John Brown, of Kirbymoorside, who won the eight-mile race in the York August Meeting, 1796, and a man from Lancashire.—Betting, at present, in favour of the latter.

At the Hampshire Hunt Meeting, on Tuesday, the 6th instant, the Hunter's Cup, of Fifty Pounds, for all ages, was run for over the Winchester race-ground, the best of three four-mile heats, which was won by Mr. Villebois, beating two others.

Match against Time.—On Thursday, April 1, a chesnut galloway, belonging to Wm. Porter, Esq. of Shepperton, started, at four o'clock in the morning, from Stanes, to go one hundred miles in twelve successive hours, carrying a feather weight, which he performed in eleven hours and thirty-six minutes, with great ease; the bets at starting were five to four, and three to two in his favour. The ground chosen on this occasion, was Sunbury Common. The fineness of the day attracted a large concourse of people.

On Saturday the 3d instant, a foot race was run from Wakefield-bridge to Doncaster-bridge, a distance of about nineteen miles and an half, between Mr. B. Waugh, of Wakefield, and Mr. Wm. Raynor, of Dodworth, near Barnsley, which was won by the former, beating his antagonist about fifty yards. The distance was run in two hours and fifty - five minutes. The wager was Forty to Twenty Guineas. Considerable sums were bet on the occasion, and the knowing ones were taken in. Bets at starting were six to four on Raynor.

There are now making at a gunsmith's in town, a pair of small pocket pistols, intended as a present from Colonel Thornton, of sporting memory, to the First Consul. The barrels are triple: they discharge together or separately, and are of bright blue, inlaid with gold; the stocks are of high varnished wood, inlaid with silver; on one side of the lock are the arms of Colonel Thornton; and, on the other, the word Marengo likewise in silver.

A horse, valued at Sixty Guineas, the property of Colonel Conolley, of Peterborough, grazing in a close near the town, in which there was a mount, by means of the eminence, got upon the wall and walked upwards of twenty yards, but in endeavouring to turn

himself

himself fell, from an height of several feet, and was killed on the spot.

A farmer near Stamford, having lately purchased an hay-stack, containing six tons, at the rate of a barley corn for the first cwt. two for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, and thus doubling the quantity of corn for every hundred of hay, an ingenious schoolmaster at Duddington has calculated that the hay would take —"fifty-two times the solid contents of the globe of our earth in gold to pay for it, admitting five hundred and forty-four thousand eight hundred grains of barley to make a bushel, at two pounds per quarter, and a guinea to weigh five grains nine penny weights, and to be valued at one pound ten shillings each; also every degree of the meridian circle to be eighty English miles."

Mr. Watkins, of Charing-cross, has now in his possession an elephant's tooth, in sawing through which a musket ball was found in the centre. There is no apparent aperture through which the bullet entered: so that it appears as if the animal had been fired at when young, and the ball lodged in the tooth, which has since grown so as completely to enclose the bullet. This curiosity is, we understand, to be lodged in the British Museum.

Gormandizing.—About the middle of the present month, a labouring man went to the Star Inn, at Rawmarsh, near Rotherham, Yorkshire, and ate his dinner, which consisted of about four pounds of mutton, four of potatoes, and two of bread, to which he drank two pints of beer. A person in the house remarking to him his ravenous appetite, he replied, that he could eat as much more if he had it, when immediately five pounds of beef were procured, and fried in a pound of fat, which, with the addition of a sixpenny loaf and three pints of beer, this voracious eater consumed in about fifty minutes, to the astonishment of all who witnessed his gluttony. The whole may be computed at the weight of twenty-two pounds.

A Jew, one morning during the present month, undertook to walk five miles on the Whitechapel-road within the hour, for a wager of Twenty Guineas, carrying at the same time a weight of fifty pounds. It became a matter of dispute whether he had lost or won; but an immense number of Jews being present, they carried the point their own way.

Horse-dealing is at present the most profitable trade at Paris. The best mode of carrying it on is by purchasing a great number at the beginning of winter, selling them about the time when the rides of Longchamp are coming into fashion, and buying them up again after. By this means, you may re-purchase for thirty louis, a horse which you sold a few months before for sixty. This is, in fact, to have a circulating stud, for which you receive so much a-day, per head, while the buyer, who is nothing more than a hirer, runs all the risk.

Coursing.—The Gentlemen of Northumberland have just established a Coursing Meeting for the next season, and adopted the rules and plan of the Malton Meeting, as a model for their own. The country is very open, and the hares are said to be very plentiful.

Extra Coursing.—A challenge, it is said, has been sent by Mr. Durand, the owner of Bellissima,

to produce a greyhound to run any of the Snowballs (home and home) for One Thousand Guineas. This may be considered as the largest stake ever offered on a match of greyhounds. Colonel Thornton, we believe, has accepted the challenge.

The sport at the Epping Hunt, on Easter Monday, was not quite so great as usual, the stag immediately taking to the Forest, all the holiday equestrians were *thrown out.*

On Wednesday, the 21st instant, a great match of Tennis was played in Oxendon-street, between Mr. Barcelon, and Phil the marker; considerable sums were pending on the event, which terminated in favour of the former.

A great match at whist is shortly to be played at the West end of the town, for the sum, exclusive of bets, of Five Thousand Pounds.

Dublin, April 17.—Yesterday a very interesting race was run in the Phœnix Park, by Mr. Henry's chesnut horse, and Mr. Battersby's grey mare, both rode by the owners, three rounds of the fifteen acres. The odds before starting were five to four on Mr. Battersby's mare; at the post, five to four on the horse. The bets were numerous, and to a large amount. After a very sporting and well-rode race, Mr. Henry's horse came in first.

It has been announced in the public papers, that a grand trotting match is intended soon to take place, for One Thousand Guineas a-side, between the noted mare, Phænomena, and the celebrated Kentish Poney (the ground for their performance not yet fixed upon). They are to trot the greatest distance in one hour, the mare allowing the poney one mile at starting. The odds are in favour of the mare, six to four; and should she lose the match, the knowing ones will be completely taken in, as they have paid Two Hundred Guineas for her to a horse-dealer, in Little Britain, although, as a hack, she is not worth more than Ten Pounds.

On Sunday morning, the 4th instant, during divine service, a great number of blackguards, of every description, assembled on Chelsea Common, to witness two pitched battles that were to be fought there; but information of the business being communicated to Mr. Bond, the magistrate, he immediately issued his warrant to apprehend the principals, and dispatched several constables to the spot, on whose approach the mob dispersed. Two of the combatants, who are butchers' apprentices in the neighbourhood, were afterwards apprehended under authority of the warrant, and obliged to find sureties to answer any complaint that might be preferred against them at the next Session.

Tuesday night, April 6th, about eight o'clock, a number of persons met at a public-house, called the Pea-hen, in Gray's-inn-lane, for the purpose of seeing Belcher, Bourke, Gamble, and other noted pugilists spar, for the benefit of Belcher. They continued to exhibit in turn until near ten o'clock, when they were interrupted by a visit from a party of the Bow-street officers, accompanied by a number of constables, armed with cutlasses, who separated into two divisions, the one taking their station at the door, to prevent any person escaping, while the others entered the room, and took into custody not only the principal boxers, but also the company assembled, who all suffered themselves to be carried quietly to a place of safety.

CHAISE-MATCH.—The following appeared in most of the public prints the middle of the present month:—"A match between two post-chaises and four, is to be run on Haldown, near Exeter, on the 21st instant, for wagers to the amount of Five Hundred Guineas. The post-boys on the occasion are, on one side, Mr. Chichester and Captain Stackpole, and on the other, Mr. Glover and Mr. Brown. There are six matches to be rode at the same time."—After all this parade, the Chaise-Match was withdrawn by one of the parties, Mr. Phillips's chaise and four galloped round the course, to gain the forfeits. Time—seven minutes and a quarter.

The horse which the late gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie was riding, when he was mortally wounded in the action of the 21st of March, in the plains of Alexandria, is in the possession of Captain Blackwood, of his Majesty's ship Penelope.

The Gold Cup was won on Monday, the 19th instant, at the Curragh, by Mr. Kelly's horse Ralph, by which we understand many knowing ones were taken in. A prejudice was taken against him at starting, and the horse Traveller, that ran, became the favourite of the field—Ralph, however, had his usual stamina, and disappointed many who pretended to be great judges of such sport.

LUCK IN THE LOTTERY.—The Ticket, No. 48,318, drawn a prize of Twenty Thousand Pounds, we hear, is the sole property of Mr. Stanley, taylor and draper, at Rochester, with a family of nine children. Fortune, in the present instance, seemed determined to be favourable. With the money unexpectedly received for what was deemed a bad debt, Mr. S. bought a ticket, which was drawn an Eighteen Pound Prize, and this was laid out in March last, in the purchase of the fortunate ticket.

Edmund Craister, who has been so fortunate as to hold a sixteenth share of a ticket, that was drawn a Prize of Twenty Thousand Pounds, in the last Lottery, is an inhabitant of Kirkgate, in Leeds, and by trade a shoemaker. When the postage of the letter, which contained the joyful news, was demanded, either from despondency, or from inability to pay so trifling a sum, he was heedless to obtain it. At length his wife persuaded him, and the letter being read, in a fit of almost frantic joy he danced about his house.

A farmer's wife, at Dore, near Sheffield, is entitled to a sixteenth of one of the Twenty Thousand Pound Prizes in the late Lottery; she had found a guinea in her drawer, and being unable to account whence it came, determined to let it try its fortune in the wheel, and with it purchased the successful chance.

A medical gentleman informs us of the following efficacious method of driving away rats:—Take the expressed juice of the stalk, or leaves of the deadly night shade, and make it into a soft paste with oatmeal or wheat flour, place it in the holes or tracks which the rats frequent, and though they will not eat it, yet it is so disagreeable to them, that they will instantly leave the premises.

Mr. Reid, a horse-dealer at Edinburgh, a short time since, put into his desk several bank notes, to the amount of Eighty Pounds, and going there shortly after, found that they were gone. No person having been in the room but one man, suspicion naturally fell upon him, but, on a minute examina-

tion of the closet, the corner of a bank note was seen sticking through a small hole, when, on pulling out a few stones, the whole of the notes, entire and perfect, were found, made into a rat's nest.

CATS.—A few days ago, Ann Hudson summoned Mrs. Henderson before the Commissioners of Requests, to enforce the payment of One Pound Eight Shillings, alledged to be due to her for two months wages. The girl said, she had hired herself to Mrs. H. who was a maiden lady, residing at Somers Town, on the 6th of February last, and was astonished to find that her particular services were to be directed to the care and maintenance of six favourite cats, for whom she was to purchase food, prepare it for their eating, and to give it up after their particular palates. Each cat was allowed one penny a day, making, in the whole, three shillings and sixpence a week, which money, she said, had been given to her by her mistress, and which she had regularly expended; but finding she could not give satisfaction, and feeling herself degraded in so strange an employment, she determined on quitting, to which her mistress consented, insisting, at the same time, on stopping sixpence a week out of her wages, that sum having been regularly *cribbed* out of the allowance made to her *little favourites*. She would not consent to this stoppage, and her mistress had refused to pay her. The lady, in her turn, made her complaint, and contended, that the maid had converted the allowances of the cats to other purposes. The Commissioners decided in favour of the servant.

On Wednesday, the 21st inst. was rung at York Cathedral, by the society of ringers from Ashton-under-Line, Lancashire, a complete peal of five thousand and twenty-one grandsire cators, in three hours and twenty-seven minutes. This peal was brought round at hand with a bob, which was the first peal of the kind ever rung in this kingdom by this method. The ringers were:—John Moss 1st; James Turner 2d; William Wild 3d; Samuel Moss 4th; Thomas Ogden 5th; *bob caller*; Thomas Hammond 6th; James Moss, 7th; Joseph Burgess 8th; Jonathan Wild 9th; Jacob Odgen and Charles Greaves the 10th.—Weight of the Tenor fifty-three cwt.

During the present month, a wager of rather an uncommon kind was decided at Hawick. Two gentlemen of that place took considerable bets, that they would each of them carry one of their acquaintances, for the distance of one mile, without resting. The persons carried weighed, the one twelve stone, and the other twelve stone five pounds. This they both performed, with great ease, in fifteen minutes. The young man, who carried the greatest weight, is of a very slender make.

At a horse race, this month, at Tynemouth, the people rushed upon the course after two of the horses had passed; when the third following them at full gallop, drove amongst the crowd, and killed a girl upon the spot.

On Tuesday the 20th inst. two boys, about twelve or fourteen years old, being very imprudently permitted to have each a fowling-piece, repaired to the Town Moor, for the purpose of shooting small birds, when one of them, after having loaded the gun with powder and shot, resting his hand on the muzzle, it went off, and shattered his hand in a shocking manner.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

PARODY
ON THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old MARE,
Whose trembling limbs scarce keep her from the ground;
Whose wearied days are lengthen'd to despair,
For I am lame and wretchedly unsound.

This pierced skin my poverty betide,
Oh! once, alas! the sleekest of the stud;
And many a furrow in my spur-worn side
Has been the channel of a sea of blood.

Yon alehouse sign erected near the wood,
With tempting aspect drew me from the road,
To shelter there—for "entertainment good
For man and horse," was painted on the board.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here as I crav'd a handful of their hay,
An ostler drove me from the stable door,
To seek again my solitary way.

Oh! take me to yon hovel's straw-built shed,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold;
Oh! spare some litter for a scanty bed,
For I am lame and miserably cold.

Should I reveal the sources of my pain,
How long I've borne oppression's direful sway,
Your hand would not withhold some little grain,
And I in humble gratitude would neigh.

Myself descended from the noblest race,
Oft from Newmarket's course the palm have borne;
Or ran the foremost in the joyful chase,
When rous'd to action by the sprightly horn.

Hard riding makes the stoutest horse decline;
Hard riding brought me to the state you see;
May your own horse's fate be ne'er like mine,
The foal of famine and of misery!

Doom'd to draw sand, I labour'd thro' the day,
With toil oppress'd, to earn my master's bread;
Then turn'd a-drift, this dreary waste to stray
Unheeded and unhous'd, and worst of all, unfed.

Blind Dobbin, late companion of my age,
(Oft did the cruel whip his carcase flay)
Fell, stumbling fell, sad victim to blind rage,
And left the cart to cruelty and me.
Pity the sorrows of a poor old mare, &c.

C. M. J.

UPON THE MAIDSTONE FRACAS,
BETWEEN LAW AND HOPS.

STERN Judges, in Spring, to all counties are sent,
And amongst other counties, the county of Kent;
When at Maidstone, while feasting and villainy thrives,
The pilfering paupers are tried for their lives. Derry down.

Most

Most lawyers meet mischief, and here with the rest,
As an advocate able, was fam'd SERJEANT BEST;
The Serjeant inveigh'd against thieves in the shops,
And well work'd one Waddington, *dealer in hops.*
Derry down.

A fraudulent factor, a r—— he had call'd him,
And 'fore JUDGE and JURY had terribly maul'd him;
The *Factor* vow'd vengeance—at night thro' the town,
He follow'd the Serjeant *high—low—up* and *down.*
Derry down.

At length to his lodgings he ventur'd and swore,
The SERJEANT "a *Liar*,"—"the son of a whore,"
"A *rascal*—a *scoundrel*;—but these words to meet,
The SERJEANT kick'd *Waddington* into the street.
Derry down.

When Waddington rose up, "he hoped "he'd accord,
"To meet him to-morrow with pistol "and sword;"
"No, no," says the Serjeant, "your "distance still keep,
"I'll no more fight with you than a steal-"er of sheep."
Derry down.

"I'll draw you next term into West-"minster Hall,
"Your dealings, your bargains, *hop-con-"tracts*, and all;
"Where, subpœna'd, *indicted*, *arraign'd*, "you'll be *tried*,
"And will scarcely *hop off* without *holes* "in your *hide*."
Derry down.

ON THE DEATH OF A MASTIFF,

SHOT BY HIS MASTER.

'TIS past! 'tis past! in torture he expir'd!
Flown is, of life, each faint and feeble spark!
Dim are those eyes so late with lustre fir'd;
Mute is that voice which late was heard to bark.

Yes! Cæsar by his master's hand was slain!
His ghost now travels post for Lethe's shore,
Where dogs and mortals end all earthly pain,
Where sighs, and groans, and *guns* are heard no more!

Mourn him, ye dogs of ev'ry sort and size,
Whether for colour, or for voice renown'd,
Let constant streams bedeck your tearful eyes,
Let endless *howlings* pierce the air around.

Ye *sheep-dogs*, guardians of the wand'ring flock,
Ye noisy *curs*, who watch with cunning eye,
And grant a portion of your barking stock,
To each strange pair of heels that hurry by.

Ye *spaniels*, faithful to your masters' call,
Ye *harriers*, *terriers*, *pointers*, *setters*, *hounds*,
Who, following your owners, one and all,
Delight in running o'er your neighbours' grounds;—

Ye *lap-dogs*, nurs'd in lux'ry's silken lap,
Who, snarlish, spiteful, insolent, and bold,
Are taught at table rich *ragouts* to snap,
And sleep in wool for fear of getting cold;—

Ye *bull-dogs* fierce, who seek the bloody fight;
Ye *mongrels* vile, who yelp from morn to noon;
Ye various tribes, who *sing* the live-long night,
Warbling sweet *hymns of praise* unto the moon;—

And ye who, disciplin'd with care so nice,
Cock'd hats, with purple and fine linen wear;
Who rise obedient to the bagpipe's voice,
And dance *cotillions* with the ductile bear;—

Oh! mourn his loss!—the dismal tale prolong!
Begin with solemn and majestic *growl*,
Then join in general and *harmonious* song,
And o'er his grave eternal requiems *howl*!

J. J. B.

A Comedy

A Comedy, called the *Fashionable Friends*, brought out at Drury-lane, having perished, the following Song, the music composed by Kelly, and delightfully sung by Mrs. Jordan, has been happily rescued from the merited condemnation of the piece. It was introduced on Saturday evening, the 24th of April, in the farce of *The Citizen*, and received with unbounded applause.

IN the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind,
Varies with the varying wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty;
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all, but do not stay;
For what have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

EPITAPH,

In Southwell Church-yard, Nottinghamshire, upon WILLIAM CLAY.

HERE lies a Sportsman, jolly, kind, and free,
From cares and troubles of this world was he;
When living, 'twas his heart's delight and pride,
To have a fowling-bag slung by his side.
In th' fields and woods to labour, toil, and run,
In quest of game, with Pero, Cobb, and gun;
But now, poor soul, he from this world is gone,
To wait a joyful resurrection.

CURIOUS EPITAPH,

IN EASTBOURNE CHURCH-YARD,

Made on an honest Fisherman, a good Cook, but unluckily too much addicted to drinking, and died a victim to a favourite beverage in that county, called *Moonshine*, or White Brandy.

Anno, 1778.

YE men of Eastbourne, and the neighbouring shore,
Bewail your loss! Tom Lock—he is no more.
Where will ye find a man of equal parts,
Vers'd in the boatman's and the kitchen arts?
Equally skilful, if at land or sea,
And, to behold, a perfect prodigy.
His neck distended to uncommon size,
His croaking voice, and then his swollen eyes,
Were such true emblems of the life he led,
You'll not much wonder that he now lies dead.
'Twas MOONSHINE brought him to this fatal end!
Not one dark night did e'er poor Tom befriend!
In vain for him did Sol his light display,
'Twas always MOONSHINE, either night or day.

THE COUNTRY CURATE's SOLILOQUY,

ON BEING FORCED TO DENY HIMSELF THE INDULGENCE OF A HACK.

NO sleek prancing steed was I wont to bestride,
No chariot of mine roll'd along;
A poor sorry *hack* with content could I ride,
And muse o'er a sermon or *song*.*

And oft, as I mus'd, he would halt, or move slow,
And champ the brown heath, or green brake;
Well, well, said I, Sorrel, you're hungry I know;
So am I—still a bite you may take.

Now my staff in my hand, shall my footsteps support,
As I journey along the dark heath;
For shelter from rain, to the thorn I'll resort,
Or lurk the green holly beneath.

A soul independent still let me retain,
Let a ray of bright fancy be mine!
With my staff let me trudge, tho' unhors'd, without pain,
With meekness and temper benign.

Let my tongue be but touch'd with celestial fire,
And Seraphic love lodge in my breast,
For my *friends* and my *foes*, shall my fervours aspire,
And my sorrows and cares sink to rest.

JOHN BLACK.

Woodbridge, Jan. 24, 1802.

* By Song, the Author means Poetry in general.

DICK

DICK DELVER,

THE PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER.

A Suffolk Ballad from real Life.

THO' Divines of contentment may preach,
And the learn'd of philosophy prate—
How few wisdom's temple can reach!
How few are content with their state!

A Philosopher lately I've seen,
In his lowly condition content;
Unrack'd with the gout or the spleen,
In a jacket oft patch'd, and yet rent.

Thus the green pliant willow still bends
To the blasts o'er the valley that sweep,
While the proud mountain-ash that contends
Is rent from the side of the steep.

No time had Dick Delver to play,
In youth, he no playthings did lack;
Lonely watch'd he the *grunters* all day,
As they *rooted* the stubble for *shack.*

Dick Delver, poor fellow, fell lame—
A keen frosty night nipt his toes,
To the fire he unthinkingly came,
And lost them, while sunk in a doze.

A poor-house, Dick Delver receiv'd—
For what could the poor fellow do?
Not long for his toes Dicky griev'd;
But began a young widow to woo:

For idleness, wise men remark,
Is the parent of mischief and love:
The widow grew pleased with her spark,
And consented his help-mate to prove.

Her husband had fall'n 'mong the slain,
And left her whole months to bemoan;
Unpropt could a fond heart remain,
When Dick for the loss could atone—

They wedded—their time sweetly pass'd,
No taxes or debts spoil'd their rest;
Each sun rose still fair as the last;
But what mortal can always be blest!

Dick Delver no widow had wed—
Her husband, tho' down, was not slain;
Like a hero he valiantly bled,
But return'd his own deary to claim.

Dick Delver the charmer resign'd,
Whom no longer he dar'd to retain;
And journey'd, like folks more refin'd,
To search for a doxy again.

To London Dick Delver now hied,
Laid siege to a shoe-blacking dame,
The Lady of Blacking complied—
United they quickly became.

Of relations the Lady could boast,
And doubtless of no mean degree:
Who liv'd where the rocks of the coast
Are wash'd by the spray of the sea.

From Ocean, the Lady had sprung,
As Venus, they say, did of old;
And Neptune had given her a tongue
Like Juno, the goddess, to scold.

Dick Delver and spousy left town,
A visit of Friendship to pay;
But scarcely a week were they down,
When they were not permitted to stay.

Then, plac'd in an Overseer's cart,
To his settlement off they were sent;
Mrs. Delver was loath to depart,
But Dicky was always content.

To the Sandlands of Suffolk, with speed,
The pair, in the cart were convey'd;
Where heath-nibbing black faces feed,
And burrows by rabbits are made.

No rabbits, or sheep could delight
The soul of Dick Delver's dear spouse;
Who'd rather have seen porter's fight,
Than *crones* on the prickly whin browse.

Around her she gaz'd with surprise,
When churches like stables she saw,
Where no lofty steeples* arise,
The traveller's attention to draw.

"What a dull dreary country," she said,
"These Sandlands I cannot abide"—
Then off in a tangent she fled,
And Dick heard no more of his bride.

Dick Delver got married once more,
Rear'd a cot by the side of the road,
Of *dickies* and *donkies* has four,
And industry decks his abode.

For sand and for whin-roots he digs,
And sells them as well as he can;
Grows potatoes, keeps chickens and pigs—
Is not Dick now become a great man?

Where a bridge the fair Deben bestrides,
And his fountains first mingle with brine,
There Dick in his hall now resides,
With a cart-lodge, and *donkey-shod* fine,

Four trees on the north screen his cot,
A church in the back ground you spy,
And gypsies, encampt near the spot,
Oft hang out their tatters to dry.

The sedge blossoms yellow below,
Blue hyacinths cover the hills;
While the nightingale's love, or his woe,
The valley with melody fills.

If all like Dick Delver would toil—
Were all like Dick Delver content;
Each brow would be bright with a smile,
And none to a prison be sent."

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* Eyke and Sutton are both without steeples.